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POETRY.

Trust Me Still.

Trust me still! Whatever doubts assail thee,
Be they banished from thy bosom ever;
For with life alone, my love can fail thee—
Thou whose love but crowns my life's endeavor.
Cease to doubt me! every doubt outbreathing
From thy lips, o'erwhelms my heart with sorrow,
Lest the roses Love to-day is wreathing
Droop beneath distrustful tears to-morrow.

Trust me still! The years themselves have proved me,
Proved a love beyond impassioned dreaming;
Other eyes to lighter thoughts have moved me—
None like thine from lighter moods redeeming.
Other eyes have looked upon me kindly,
To thy glance alone my pulses quicken;
Thine, alone, can calm the soul, that blindly
Turns to thee when most by sorrow stricken.

—*M. A. M. Cramer.*

STORY TELLER.

PLAYING A BULL.

The Hon. Gus Trenchard knew life—at least he thought so, and it certainly looked like it, for he had managed to live sumptuously on next to nothing for some years. The fact of the matter was, he was a hawk, and preyed on gilded fledglings with great dexterity. One of the best-dressed men in town, and certainly one of the best looking, he had sailed charmingly through life. A man with a cool head, a steady nerve and an easy conscience—if well-bred, good-looking, keen-witted and moderately clever—has ten chances to one in his favor, and the Hon. Gus had all these qualifications. He had one or two faults, for he "plunged," and he had a habit of backing his fancy horse for outrageously large amounts. After each of those periodical fits of plunging, however, he would sit for some time on the stool of repentance, and would look about for a rich stripling to teach life to and to make pay dearly for being taught; but vow and swear as he would never to go "a header" again, he was always sure, when luck was with him and his banker's account was respectable, to do exactly what he had sworn against.

The Hon. Gus had a sister—not very handsome, and not very young, but a fine, tall, stylish girl, who dressed well, lived generally in chambers with her brother, and constant association with him had given her an insight into London life that few girls attain. Of late, the Hon. Gus had been decidedly unlucky, for he had lost a lot of money at two consecutive meetings, and he had not found any fledgling willing to be plucked.

"They are getting so deuced smart, a lad of twenty knows as much now as I did at thirty," he murmured plaintively to his sister.

He felt aggrieved, and considered, like many another man not as clever as he was, that the times were sadly out of joint, and that with new-fashioned ideas, education of the masses, unlet lands, and hard-up fathers, life was becoming every day more difficult.

Then Constance did not go off, and, though he was fond of her and had grown accustomed to her companionship, yet it would be, after all, much more comfortable if she married a rich, good-natured fellow, who would help him over a difficulty on a settling day, or perhaps allow himself to be plucked moderately.

The Hon. Gus sat over the fire in his chambers, looking into the embers and reviewing the situation. Evidently his thoughts were not pleasant, for he poked the fire savagely and muttered through his clenched teeth:

"Curse it all; I am tired of life!"

Even the soothing influence of a good cigar had no charm for him now, and he allowed it to burn out, and then threw it viciously into the grate. Constance lay on a sofa, pulled close to the table, and was reading, or, rather, making a pretense to read, a new novel; but every now and then she looked over the book at her brother, and when she turned her eyes again on the book they wandered listlessly over the opened pages. It is not pleasant for a woman to witness in silence the misery of another, particularly when that other is her own brother. Gus did not speak, but continued to look steadily into the fire. He had evidently passed the savage stage, and was studying coolly the pros and cons of some new scheme.

With a sigh of relief—for he had made up his mind—he arose from the chair, and standing with his back against the mantelpiece, said to his sister:

"Con, we must do something; it can't go on; I have not two hundred at the bank."

"What do you propose doing?" asked Constance, closing her book.

"Giving up schooling those youngsters—they know as much as I do now-a-days—and going in for business."

"Going in for business?" she ejaculated, in intense astonishment.

"Yes, by Jove! I will go on the Stock Exchange."

"On the Stock Exchange, Gus! You must be dreaming. Why, they are all so sharp there."

"So much the better. You remember Samuel Jones?"

"That horrid-looking Jew!"

"That horrid-looking Jew, as you call him. But, by-the-bye, he is a Christian."

"Christian or Jew, is all the same. I wonder you are seen with him. He does not play or lend money, does he?"

"He is as rich as Rothschild, and he admires you, Con."

"Admires me—that fellow?" said the Hon. Constance, tossing her head in high disdain.

"I will have him here to dinner to-morrow, and you must be attentive to him; put on that pretty smile and charming manner that you wear when you want to bowl a fellow over," continued her brother calmly.

The Hon. Constance Trenchard looked at her brother thoughtfully. She knew from old experience that she would have to do exactly as he liked, and she had a wonderful respect for his ability. Eight years ago she could have married well; even five years ago she could have been settled in the Shires with a good-natured, middle-aged man of means. But she liked Jack Ince and Jack Ince liked her, though he had no money.

The fact of it was, Constance had her little romance—most women have, some time in their lives—but Gus, who even then had an eye to the main point, had urged her warmly not to lose the golden opportunity. "Marry the fellow with the money, Con; don't be a silly fool! Five thousand a year cannot be caught every day."

Her romance ended, as these unpractical romances generally end, in nothing; or rather in Jack emigrating to Australia and being completely forgotten, and in Constance being single at twenty-seven and perfectly willing to marry any average man with sufficient money to keep her.

She was clever and was taking, but, somehow, the men did not come forward. Two or three youngsters had gone into ecstasies about her, but then Gus was busily occupied fleecing them, and she had little time, or perhaps inclination, for playing her own game. Invariably with the loss of their money they lost their love, and shunned her brother's chamber.

Last season she heard a man leaning over the rails in the Row, ask another:

"Who is that fine girl? By Jove, what a figure!"

"Gus Trenchard's sister; but no spooning there. Hawks, you know, and all that."

Cool as she was—and she was cool—she could not help flushing hotly; and the intense mortification she suffered brought somehow visibly to her recollection the old days when she would stoop to no dishonor, and when she loved that honest, good-looking Jack Ince.

As she looked at her brother now, she could not help feeling almost as she did that day, for she knew the part she would have to play in any new scheme of his would not be an honorable one; and though she submitted, and even at times enjoyed the fun of fleecing a youngster, yet her conscience would upbraid her afterwards.

However, though she was nervous and somewhat agitated at the prospect of having to again assist actively in the working out of some dirty plot, she looked at her brother calmly, as she asked:

"What do you wish me to do? Speak plainly, Gus. It's better that I should know the worst at once."

"The worst is bad enough, though it is only to make love to Samuel Jones."

"And"—she commenced; but here she stopped, looking up at Gus with a frightened, nervous, deprecatory expression on her face that amused him.

"No, Con; not that, by Jove! Don't think me such a brute. I'd sooner see you dead than married to a fellow like that!"

Constance said nothing, though she evidently was relieved; and her brother continued:

"Jones is on the stock exchange, and is the leading light of a dirty ring of rich speculators, who 'bull' and 'bear' one or two stocks, as suits them."

His sister listened attentively, and Gus went on—

"Jones would give his eyes to get into our set, and he would jump, like a hungry trout at a fly, at any girl, so long as she was one of us. If you play your cards well you will have him at your feet in a week."

"And then?"

"Get him to put you on a good thing. 'Mexican Ordinaries,' 'Brighton A's,' and a lot of other speculative stocks are worked by rings, and Jones leads the heaviest and dirtiest ring in the house. Find out what he is going to do next, give me the tip, and, by Jove, Con, get him to put in twenty thousand for you."

"Twenty thousand pounds!" she ejaculated, in astonishment.

"You don't understand it, Con, and you needn't. He will, soon enough. Just say you have enough money to pay differences or carry over. He will never ask you to deposit securities if you spoon him properly. I will take care that he drinks enough before I give you your opportunity."

"I am afraid, Gus. I must be very stupid. Am I to ask him to invest twenty thousand pounds for me, and to tell me in what he invests it?"

"It is pretty much like it, though it isn't exactly that. Just find out if his ring are going in for a big thing soon, what it is, and if they will be 'bulls' or 'bears.' Admire his cleverness, tell him you love speculation, and want to make a lump of money with the couple of thousand you have idle at the bank. Just get him to promise to let you into the 'swim,' and to put a big lot on for you."

"Do you think he will?"

"If you play him properly, he will to a certainty. I will then give the 'tip' to a fellow I know, who will put a pile on for me. But, now, Con, I shall go to bed," he said, rising, "and you can think matters over."

When at the door, he turned to his sister, and said:

"Put the rose colored shades on the lamps, Con. Have a roaring fire, and sprinkle a lot of perfume about. I will make him drink plenty of wine. Good night!"

Samuel Jones was delighted to dine with the Hon. Gus Trenchard, and the dinner was excellent. Constance was charming, and smiled and talked to him until he felt that he had never met such a girl before. "She is a stunner! There is nothing like blood after all," he muttered to himself. All the time the valet kept his glass well filled, and before dinner was over, the fair Constance had half her work done.

As she left the dining-room her brother, who was highly pleased, opened the door for her to go out, and nodded an approval. The two men now pulled their chairs round the fire, and lighting their cigars, talked in a desultory way about things in general. Gus kept Jones' glass filled, and told him many little stories of dukes and duchesses and royal personages, talking of them patronizingly as if they were his bosom friends and everyday companions.

"They are a queer lot, Jones, when you know them well, as you will by-and-by," he said, yawning.

"I have a great respect for our old nobility," said Jones.

"Just so—rich men have. By-the-by, Jones, why don't you marry? You are not a chicken, you know?"

"I suppose I shall some day. I am only forty-two."

"I know such a lot of nice girls," continued Gus. "There are Lady Maud Otto and Violet Trenchard, and and a heap of other friends of Con's dying for husbands."

"They would not have me, Gus."

"You never know what a woman will or will not do. I will ask Con to introduce you if you like."

"No, no," interrupted Jones, hurriedly. "I'd rather you say nothing to her about it; I would, indeed."

"Well, old man, just as you like. Let us go in now and get her to sing."

Constance had a nice, soft voice, which was perfectly trained; and as Samuel Jones turned over the leaves of the music and glanced down at her well-developed figure, he felt a choking sensation in his throat, and swore mentally that he would "try all he knew" to make her the Hon. Mrs. Jones.

The room was warm, the fire burned brightly, and the rose-colored lamps threw a soft, tender light over her face, while the faint odor of perfumes mingled in Jones' brain with the fumes of good Burgundy which he had imbibed freely. Constance sang love song after love song, tender, old-fashioned English ballads, and Jones thought she could never sing enough. The Hon. Gus stood with his back to them and his face to the fire, but he could see the expression on Jones' face in the opposite mirror.

"She is playing him splendidly," he muttered. "Egad, she could bowl him to-night if she liked?"

Jones was "bowled over" completely, and he never felt so happy in his life as when Constance, having finished singing, sat on the sofa and made room for him by her side.

They turned over the leaves of her album together, and every second was that of a duke or a duchess.

"That is not a bad likeness of the princess. She gave it to me herself," she said, unblushingly.

"It is a very nice one indeed," said Jones, who had bought a similar one for two shillings.

"She told me the same day," continued Constance, hesitatingly; "but I forgot"—and here she stopped suddenly.

"I suppose it is a state secret?"

"Oh," she answered, laughing, "I suppose there is no harm in telling it. She said she would come to my wedding, whoever I married."

Jones was struck dumb with astonishment. If she would marry him! Fancy a princess at his wedding! He looked at Constance, and her soft languishing glances set his blood on fire and his brain in a whirl.

"When shall you ask her to fulfill her promise?" he stammered.

"Some day, I suppose; but, Mr. Jones, how stupid men are nowadays—I mean our set. I will never marry a man who has not brains, and who does not work."

"It is a wise decision," he said, softly, for he knew he had brains, and he worked like a horse.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, what a grand career a man has open to him, if he has talent. Fancy being a merchant prince or a gigantic speculator on the stock exchange!"

"Do you really envy such men? May I venture to say that I am a pretty big man myself on the stock exchange?"

Constance looked at him in apparent astonishment. "You," she exclaimed, "on the stock exchange! Oh, Gus, fancy Mr. Jones is on the stock exchange."

Gus, who had been listening to every word of the conversation, though making pretense to sleep, started, but he only answered with an "umph," and then fell back in an arm-chair, with closed eyes.

"Such a frightful custom, Mr. Jones; fancy—he falls asleep every night after dinner, and leaves poor me all alone."

"I wonder he has such bad taste," said Jones, gallantly.

"Now, do tell me all about the stock exchange and the bulls and bears. Do you really have wild animals there?"

"No, no!" he laughed, "though the men are wild enough when they are 'cornered.' 'Bull' is a vulgar expression for fellows who want to force stocks up, and 'bear' for the lot who want to force them down."

"And you—are you a 'bull' or a 'bear'?"

"I am neither at the moment, but I shall be soon."

"You said you were a big man on the stock exchange," she murmured, in a disappointed voice, "and I adore great speculators."

"I have cleared my ten thousand in differences on a settling day before now, and I expect to make a coup of twenty before the month is over."

"What are the differences?" she asked in bewilderment.

"The margin between the price I buy or sell at, and the price the stock is at on the settling day," he explained.

"Oh, that is delightful! you must teach me what to do with some £2,000 I have idle at the bank, but don't tell Gus. You must promise me."

"I won't tell him if you don't wish me to, but I cannot do anything for you for a few days. The fact of it is we are arranging a splendid 'bull' ring, and I will let you in with us, Miss Trenchard; but no one must know it—I should be ruined if it got out."

"Oh, I will be so secret! Do tell me when it will all come off! Oh, this is charming!"

"I will tell you before we operate," replied Jones, cautiously, though intensely gratified.

"Do promise me one thing: dine with us the night before you operate, as you call it, and I will sing or do anything for you. Do promise, won't you?"

"Yes, with pleasure," said Jones, decisively.

"Oh, thanks, how good it is of you! what can I do to repay you?"

"You could do a great deal," he said, softly.

"Can I? Do tell what it is?"

If Jones intended to propose, he had no time now, for the Hon. Gus awoke that moment with a start, and, stretching his legs, exclaimed: "Why, I believe I have been asleep. Jones, old man, you must forgive me."

Later on, standing under the rose-colored lamps, Constance bade Jones good night, and, as she did so, she whispered: "Recollect your promise; write and tell me the day you will come to dine."

As she said this she let her white hand rest in Jones' and he felt a soft pressure, and certainly saw, he thought, a look of unmistakable admiration in her eyes as she looked at him. Going down the street he exclaimed, "What a woman for a wife! and the princess at the wedding! By Jove, I *will* win her!"

Three days afterwards Constance received the following letter:

DEAR MISS TRENCHARD: I will accept your kind invitation to dinner for to-morrow, if you will allow me. Believe me, yours sincerely.
SAMUEL JONES.

The dinner and wine were all that could be wished, and Constance looked, if anything, more charming than on the previous night. Jones was excited and bumptious. He drank heavily, and when he went into the drawing-room, after dinner and stood over Constance, as she sang tender, plaintive, old love songs, he felt that he would give all the world to call her his wife.

Gus left them alone for a few minutes, and in those few minutes she learned that Jones' ring were going a tremendous "bull" on Mexican Ordinaries, and that they were sure to send them up, as he said, "five at a bound."

"Five? What is that?" she asked.

"Five per cent; they are £100, stock."

"Oh, then, Mr. Jones, my two thousand will buy forty thousand. Do buy me at least twenty."

Jones was somewhat staggered at the request, but he could not refuse her, and he thought to himself. "I can slip them out a little below the syndicate figure and be safe, anyway, so he promptly replied:

"I will; and, Miss Trenchard, you will make a thousand pounds before three days, or my name is not Samuel Jones."

At this moment Gus entered, but somehow he was not sleepy that night, so Jones had no opportunity of saying anything soft or tender to his sister.

"Now that you know our diggings, drop in often," he said, as he bade the tender-hearted Jones good-night at the hall door.

That night Tom Smith, a shrewd broker, and the Hon. Gus Trenchard sat over the fire in Smith's study until long past his hour for going to bed, and, when going away, Gus said to him:

"It is all settled. You put on thirty for me at first price in the morning."

At midday the stir in Mexicans commenced. They went up rapidly, and left off that night at 39¾—3 per cent. higher than at the opening. Next day the "bears" rallied and sold as they never sold before, but the "bulls" were too strong, and the stocks closed two per cent. higher still. On the third day the "bulls" had it all their own way, and amidst tremendous excitement "Mexican Ordinaries" closed 5 per cent. higher, making a raise of 10 per cent. since the "bulls" had commenced to operate. Constance had cleared two thousand pounds and Gus three—if they could "get out."

Jones was triumphant. "We have cowed them completely," he said. "We will send them up another twenty this week."

"I would rather not run any more risk. I would sooner have the two thousand—I really would, Mr. Jones. I have not a head for this tremendous speculation; I am only a woman—and oh! Mr. Jones, how clever you are," she exclaimed.

He did realize for her, and sent her a check for £2000. Gus also made sure of his profit.

Next morning, when the Hon. Constance came down to breakfast, she found two letters lying on the table. One was from Jones, and, to her intense surprise the other was from Jack Ince. The latter she opened first and read:

DEAREST CONSTANCE: I arrived in town late last night from Australia. My uncle Simon is dead, and has left me all his property. I will call to-day, and you know what I shall call for. At last, darling, I can ask you to be my wife.
Yours lovingly,
JACK INCE.

Samuel Jones' letter was:

DEAR MISS TRENCHARD: May I have the pleasure of seeing you on Wednesday at say 3 P.M., if I shall call? I think you can guess why I wish to see you, and I earnestly pray that your answer to the question I intend to ask you may be favorable. Yours very sincerely,
SAMUEL JONES.

At 12 o'clock Constance went into the city and got Jones's check cashed; at 2 P.M., Jack Ince called, and at 5 P.M., she wrote to Jones:

DEAR MR. JONES: I shall be at home, of course, on Wednesday, if you desire it, and am very curious to know what question you wish to ask me. Pray do not make any engagement for the 1st of next month, for I am to be married to Mr. John Ince on that day, and hope you will assist at my wedding.
Believe me, yours truly,
CONSTANCE TRENCHARD.

The Secret of Longevity.

A French medical man who has just died at the age of 107, pledged his word to reveal the secret of his longevity, when no more, for the benefit of others. It was stipulated, however, that the precious envelope containing the receipt for long life was not to be opened until he had been buried. The doctor's prescription, now made known, is simple enough, and easy to follow; but whether it is as valuable as he pretends is extremely doubtful. He tells his fellow men that if they wish to live for a century or more they have but to pay attention to the position of their beds. "Let the head of the bed be placed to the north, and the foot to the south, and the electric current, which is stronger during the night in the direction of the north, will work wonders on their constitutions, insure them healthful rest, strengthen their nervous system, and prolong their days." It is, he adds, to scrupulous attention to the position of his bed that he ascribes his longevity, the enjoyment of perfect health, and the absence of infirmity.

The Love of the Beautiful.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she unconsciously of herself, grows to a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going and straight-forward business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions always impress them. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, not by examples alone, but in the thousand other ways that speak through bright scenes, soft utterances and pretty pictures, so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put in shape the hanging-baskets, allow them to have their favorite trees, lead them to wander in the prettiest woodlots and show them when they can best view the sunset. Rouse them in the morning; but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sunrise," buy for them pretty pictures and encourage them to describe their rooms, each in his or her childish way. The instinct is in them. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege and they will not only make your homes beautiful, but will at the same time educate themselves to observe and recognize all that is beautiful in nature and art.

ALL HONEST PEOPLE.

I was in a village of the Alps, and had the misfortune to lose, while traveling, an important part of my luggage. My case seemed to myself hopeless; nevertheless I took what steps I could to recover the property. In doing so I consulted the manager of a rather large hotel a few miles off—a German, who spoke English. "Much will depend," said he after he had heard my lamentation, "upon whether your lost goods may have gone beyond this district or not; put if they have, I have not much comfort to give you; if they have not, you will certainly get them again, for they are all honest people here." The things were brought back in about a week after that, with straps, locks, and hinges all in order. I asked myself whether, if the loss had happend in a country district of England, I could have been so fortunate, and decided that the chances were very much against my being so. It is a fine thing to claim to rule the waves, a very grand idea to have dominions on which the sun never sets; but one feels, at a time when a large rascality has been occupying the public mind, that it is a thing of no mean importance to live among people of approved honesty. Haroun the Just, if he had come among them, would probably have placed my Alpine villagers very high in his scale of desert—perhaps would have had it recorded in letters of gold, (his favorite blazon,) "They are all honest people here."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HOW WE WALK.

One of the oddest things about our walk is that we alternate motion, and that we are as automatic as an old eight-day clock stuck in the corner of the kitchen.

You may imagine you walk as you please; nothing of the sort. Nature settled the way æons ago, and æons after you are gone, people will "bowl round," in exactly the same way.

Start and see. With the movement of the right leg you move the left arm, with that of the left leg the right arm. Now if the motion be even carelessly observed, it will be found that the right arm swings forward at the same time as the left leg, and when the right leg is advancing, it is the left arm which accompanies it. This is the natural gait, and to convince one's self that it is so, it is only requisite to get a friend to walk across the room in the opposite fashion—*i.e.*, to swing the right arm forward when stepping out with the right leg, and then, in the same manner, when bringing forward the left leg, to accompany it with the left arm.

Such a gait is both unnatural and uncomfortable to the person who tries it, and also ludicrous to the observer who watches a first attempt of the kind. The diagonal movement of the limbs, is, therefore, the natural method adopted by man when walking, and it is the first and most apparent fact one ascertains in studying human locomotion.

Similarly the length of the stride is as settled, by the length of the leg, as are the laws of gravitation. Such and such a leg is predestined to step over in its normal advance, so much ground and no more. We may all imagine we are free agents, physically, but many more things are "ordered from the beginning" than the color of our hair or the shape of our nose.

FASHION NOTES.

The long crowns of Langtry turbans are still used.

Ribbed socks as well as ribbed stockings are much worn.

Even for little people there are dainty seamless and Robinson Crusoe parasols.

The corsage bouquet of the passing moment is of purple or white clover blossoms.

Bonnet strings are very wide and short, forming a large bow, with short ends under the chin.

Gray gloves will be very fashionable, whether of silk, lisle thread, dressed or undressed kid.

White blossoms are much used with black bonnets, especially when white lace is part of the trimming.

Velvet retains its hold as a fashionable garniture for bonnets of fancy materials, and for straw as well.

Crinoline is again coming up, or rather round, for it threatens to extend from the bustle all around the skirt.

There is no longer any one fashionable color; all colors are worn, but there is a taste for copper, champignon, blue, gray, and shot stuffs.

Lace bonnets promise to be very fashionable as the weather grows warmer, and those of ecru and black lace are already worn to spring receptions.

The various kinds of colored crape, the English transparent crape and the thicker Chinese and Japanese silk crapes are chosen for dressy bonnets to match rich toilettes.

All the pale shades of rose, lavender, blue and cream are made up for dress hats of crape and the darker mushroom browns, violet and poppy red used to match costumes.

The small capote bonnet is the success of the season, and is worn on all occasions, both with simple and rich toilettes, and by elderly ladies as well as by the youngest bridemaid.

Embroidered net in white, black and varied colors is also chosen for crowns of bonnets, and these are given greater variety by being placed over a gilt or silver woven foundation.

Plain tulles, embroidered, beaded and spangled tulles, are used for light and dressy bonnets in both dark and pale shades over a foundation that is merely a few wires of gilt, steel or silver.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

WE have received several letters concerning the appointing of agents for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund. Some of these letters suggest that we, as President of the National Deaf-Mute Association, select certain individuals to act as agents for the fund, in different localities. By an act of the Convention, full power was given to the National Executive Committee, and the President has the power only to fill vacancies on the Committee. In the various towns and cities of any State represented by a member of the National Executive Committee, said member has power to appoint subagents, who shall be responsible to him. In States not represented on the Committee, the appointing power centers in the Chairman of the Gallaudet Centennial Commission. We understand the chairman is making every effort that proper attention to his private interests will allow, to have every locality where a number of deaf-mutes reside, properly convassed. We regret to say that, from our personal knowledge, he is not receiving the encouragement which the enthusiasm of the Convention had led him to expect. There were over one hundred and fifty votes cast in favor of the resolutions to erect a statue of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, on the centennial anniversary of that philanthropist's birth, yet how many of those who voted and made enthusiastic demonstrations have sent in a contribution to Treasurer Weeks, or to the member of the Centennial Commission representing the state in which they reside? We suggest that the names of all who have accepted the responsibility of agents be sent to the JOURNAL for publication, and that they report the progress they have made in the matter. There seems to be a disposition to blame Chairman Froehlich for the present state of things, but the truth is, he has worked harder and done more to forward the project than any other man who serves on the Commission with him. No one man can bring about a successful result, unless he has the co-operation of his fellows Let us hear from some of the agents, and also from the members of the late convention, who seem to place so little value upon their votes and so high a value upon their pocketbooks. What the Gallaudet Memorial project needs to make it a success, is not only goodwill, but cash contributions.

THE preliminaries for the Convention of deaf-mutes of Pennsylvania are being pushed forward steadily. On Saturday next, the Board of Managers, headed by Rev. Henry Winter Syle, will hold a meeting in Philadelphia. The association held its first meeting in Harrisburg, three years ago, and the coming gathering will be the second of its kind held in Pennsylvania. It will occur in the Quaker City, but at what place or on what particular days in August, we have not as yet heard. It is to be hoped, however, that the date fixed will not be the same as that which will be selected for the New England Convention, to be holden at Providence, R. I., as many New York deaf-mutes would probably like to be in attendance at both.

THE picnic season is at hand, and the first indication of activity among the deaf-mutes comes all the way from Chicago. The deaf-mutes in the City by the Lake do not neglect the social amenities necessary to a happy existence. They have a club which is becoming famous for entertainments that are enjoyable without being injurious to either the health or the morals of those who participate. The Pas-a-Pas Club picnic, which we advertise in this issue, will take place just one day after the "Glorious Fourth," so the deaf-mutes will be able to eliminate from their clothes the smell of gunpowder and cool their burned fingers under the shade trees in South Park.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. W. Taegel has moved from Buffalo, N. Y. to Erie, Pa.

Miss Hannah Henry is now living at 408½ 17th Street, South Brooklyn.

The son of Mrs. Christian Krebs, of Geneva, N. Y., died not long ago.

Arthur Kellom has steady work at the woolen mill at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

Mrs. J. E. Williams is still making her home with Mrs. Lansing, of Three-Mile-Bay, N. Y.

Miss Mamie Gillespie, class '81, Indiana Institution, is dying at her home in Rising Sun, Ind., of consumption.

A deaf and dumb catcher, named Spalding, is playing on trial with the Chicago Club. He will be a favorite with umpires.—*Chicago Morning Herald.*

Paul S. Morley has just returned from a week's visit to friends in Friendship, Cuba, Scio, Wellsville, Belmont, Black Creek, and Grand, N. Y., and had a most enjoyable time.

A correspondent wishes to know why notice is not given in the "Directory" column of the JOURNAL, when and where the Newark Deaf-Mute Association meetings are held.

O. B. Hoxie, of Red Creek, N. Y., has given up the idea of going into the manufacturing business in Auburn, on account of his health. He will buy a farm near that city this year.

Will Mr. Howard H. Mayberry, of Lowell, Mass., please send his address to Samuel Hamilton, Box 39, Beverly, Mass., or through the JOURNAL. He will confer a great favor.

Miss Laura M. Fuller, of Fredonia, N. Y., has been visiting Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, and Mrs. D. T. Richardson, of South Dayton, N. Y. She expects to visit a sister of Francis E. Robinson.

The father of Charles A. Webb, of Farmer City, Ill., was one of the first settlers in DeWitt Co., Ill., when he first went there he bought 400 acres of land at 50 cents an acre. Recently he sold it for $45 an acre.

Dr. Vincent, of Three-Mile-Bay, who was recently married to Miss Bessie A. Lansing, has let the contract for the construction of a block 20x45 to Leonard & Gilmour, of Dexter. The Dr. will put in a general line of drugs and medicines.

The wife of Professor Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is a very charming semi-mute, who accompanies her husband to frequent receptions, and is made much of by the best people in Washington society.—*Morning Journal.*

George E. Bacon, of Warren, N. H., was arrested last week as a tramp and for begging money. He claimed to be deaf and dumb. After getting some money, he got drunk and then could talk fast enough. Trial Justice R. D. Chase sent him to the Greenfield jail for nine months to recover his voice.—*Franklin Co. (Mass.) Reformer, April 25.*

Nearly all the deaf-mutes in the county came to town last Thursday evening to attend the service at the Episcopal church, given by Rev. Mr. A. W. Mann, deaf-mute missionary of the West. One mute walked twenty-six miles to get here. The service was largely attended, and was very interesting. Mr. Mann is a preacher of more than ordinary education and ability, and was a good illustration of his declaration that some of the finest minds are found among deaf-mutes.—*Plymouth (Ind.) Republican, May 1.*

Iowa Convention.

The following notice has been sent out to the Iowa papers far ahead of the time for the assembling of the Convention of the Deaf Mutes of Iowa:

The second convention of the Hawkeye Association of Deaf-Mutes will be held at Cedar Rapids, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th days of September, 1884.

Many things pertaining to the good and welfare of the mutes in the state will be considered and discussed.

Revs. A. W. Mann and Thos. Gallaudet will be present and give their services to the association.

Those paying full fare to Cedar Rapids will be returned home at one-third the regular fare. Arrangements for the return will be made during the convention.

Not so Deaf as He Pretended.

Charles Fenton and Philip Meyer, youths, were accused at the Tombs yesterday, by Robert Hill, an English sailor, with having stolen his pocket-book containing $24.

"Hi was walking along Chatham street, you know," said the complainant, "when this young man, you know," pointing to Fenton, "seized me by the throat, you know, hand 'old my harms, you know, while the hother young man, you know, pulled hout my pockets, you know, hand took my purse, you know. Hi shouted, 'Police,' you know, hand they were harrested, you know."

"Yes, I know, but I want to know, know know, if you are sure they are the two young men who robbed you," shouted the counsel for the defendants, who had been informed that the complainant was deaf.

"Hay?" ejculated the latter, looking anxiously into the questioner's face. "Hi can't catch hon. Speak ha little louder."

"I w—a—n—t to know," yelled the lawyer until he became red in the face, "if you are not mistaken as to the indentification of these two young men."

"Yes, it was nearly 5 o'clock," said the complainant.

"Judge," exclaimed the lawyer, excitedly, "this man is not as deaf as he pretends. He was only asked once by you to tell his story and he told it, but when I commence to cross-examine him, he suddenly becomes very deaf."

"That shows he is against thieves," remarked Justice Welde. "Do you want to ask him any other question?"

"What good would it do? I might as well talk to a post," said the counsellor, whose clients were held.

The presentations lately made by the Clero Literary Association cost about $125.

An exhibition will be given by the pupils of the Philadelphia Institution, at St. George's Hall, corner of 13th and Arch Streets, on the 22d inst.

Francois Duprey was married to Miss Amelia Guilmette in Quebec, Canada. They are on a bridal tour, and will reach Woonsocket, Mass., in about a week.

Julius Wilken, of College Point, L. I., has been out of work for several weeks. He would be greatly indebted to any one who can put him in the way of getting a job.

Thomas Collins, of Jeffersonville, Mass., was was seen in the depot of the Boston and Albany Railroad. It is understood that he was starting on a trip to Philadelphia to see his sister.

Louis W. Riger, of New Haven, arrived home on Monday, May 5th, after staying in New York and Brooklyn since April 26th. His address is now 19 Congress Avenue, where he works.

Edward Duran, of Boston, climbed to the top of Bunker Hill Monument, on Friday last. The height of the monument is 221 feet, and the steps leading to the top number 294. Any one is allowed to go to the top, on payment of a fee of 20 cents.

Mrs. G. P. Lockwood, of Long Branch, N. J., wants to know what has become of her old classmate, Mrs. Lizzie Collins. She has not heard from her for several years. Mrs. L. would be very glad to hear from her, if Mrs. C. pleases to write. Her address is Long Branch Village, N. J.

Two Saturdays ago, in Providence, Varnum B. Wright was the happiest mute. He got his valise back after a lapse of five hours, though he thought he could never get it back, but for a Providence mute, who helped him. Mr. Wright alighted from the cars, and went back for his valise, but found the train had gone with it.

While in Providence recently on business, "Woonsocket Boy" met three young men who asked him if he knew Mr. Houston, of Philadelphia, Norcross, of Norwich, and Jackson, of Attleboro, respectively. Joseph A. Byran is a typo, and says he used to work with Houston. Mr. Horan knows Mr. Norcross, and used to work with him for four years. He is now on the Providence *Telegram.*

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes will hold their first grand picnic and festival at Broadway Park (Brooklyn), on the afternoon and evening of July 26th. The Park contains facilities for athletic games and base ball; it also contains hobby-horses, soups, air-guns, panorama, a dining saloon, confectionery and segar stands, etc., and is said to be one of the best places for a picnic and festival in Brooklyn.—*Richlieu.*

It is said that Miss Lizzie R. Fahnestock, of Philadelphia will go home on the 31st of this month. She is from Muncy, Lycoming Co., Pa. She lost her hearing at the age of one year, and has two deaf-mute brothers, named Pursel and Augustus, the former having been six years at school and graduates next June. The latter has been under instruction four years. Another sister, named Minnie, was born deaf, but began to speak when three years of age. Lizzie graduated from the Philadelphia School last June, having been a pupil six years. She now works at dressmaking.

WALLINGFORD, Ct., May 10.—The factory of the "Sweetland" Chuck Company was entire destroyed by fire early this morning. The fire was accidental. Possibly from the boiler or a spark from a passing locomotive. Much valuable machinery was destroyed. Loss $35,000. Insurance $30,000. They will rebuild very soon. Will hire a place at the Wilson Sewing Machine Co. and use this week. John W. Pratt is usually at the business now, and saved his splendid chest of tools, but lost some tools. His hands were badly burnt, but little hurt.

When Mr. J. P. Ijams was in Wilkesbarre, Pa., in October, 1881, to attend court. The jury rendered a verdict for the full amount of the claim in his favor. However, the case was appealed to the Supreme Court in Philadelphia, and it was delayed for another year, until last spring. The defendant tried to compromise the suit, but Mr. Ijams rejected the compromise, and ordered his lawyer, Gen. McCartney, to argue the case before the Supreme court, and that court affirmed the judgment of the lower court in Wilkesbarre, when the defendant settled with Mr. Ijams, who was congratulated by many of his friends for his victory.

PROVOKED INTO BAD TEMPER.

While Thomas F. Totten, a carpenter, of No. 513 West Forty-eighth street, was engaged in doing some work in West Forty-eighth street, near Tenth avenue, yesterday a number of small boys mounted a fence opposite and called him names and threw stones, potatoes and other missles at him. After enduring the annoyance for some time, Totten finally picked up a stone and threw it at the boys. The missle struck George Cahill, a mute, eleven years old, of No. 446 West Forty-eighth street, over the left eye, inflicting a cut in which two stitches had to be taken. Totten was arrested at the instance of the lad's mother, Mary Cahill, and arraigned in the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court yesterday afternoon before Justice Duffy. Considering that the boy Cahill was among the crowd of boys who were annoying Totten, the magistrate took a complaint of disorderly conduct against the latter and let him off with a fine of $10—*New York Herald, May 9.*

A Queer Appeal.

The following curious letter was received a day or two since by Dr. F. M. Blodgett, of this city. Its strangeness consists not so much in the phraseology as in the fact that blanks were left here and there in printing the circular, and the words filled in by the writer. The words thus inserted are indicated below by italics. Whether in addressing other people the blanks were filled in any other way is unknown:

No. 41 Green street, Troy, N. Y., May 8th, 1884.
Mr. F. M. Blodgett, M. D.,

My Dear Friend—Will you kindly try to assist me. Do you please remember me to all your acquaintances. If you desire to raise any change for me, I most respectfully request and pray of God that you will assist me by subscribing whatever any amount you may be pleased to give me. Please use this letter in any way that will help me along. You are requested to give names of interested persons. I want you to take charge of the present raised it will return cost to the full sum of *two dollars,* to be used without name as an inside to conceal money in a letter envelope to me. I will be full of thanks to you, whatever you intend to raise besides. I am a very poor young *negro* man, is a *deaf* for *mute* can not *speak* nor *hear,* I had to cut off a limb on account of having my hand jammed while at hard work. I have no friends or relatives in this country. I was brought from *Liberia.* I wish to raise enough money from the charitable people to get back to my country, where I will be able to get a living from my friends there. I do not wish to become a burden to the public. Hope all good friends will help me if in their power. I am sober and industrious man. Return the circular to me; I shall want more than you send me. I hope you will write soon. Should you wish to make an extract I will give you full permission to do it. What is that you made on that post privilege bill letter for me?

Always address your letters to *H P. Peets, Jr.*

P. S.—Will you please send your directors in plain ink on back of this order, writing in care of *Mrs. E. Cooper.—Boston Sunday Globe.*

RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1884.

VICTIM NO. 21.

Another deaf-mute has met his fate and enrolled his name in eternity as follows:—A deaf man, named Robert Smiley, seventy years of age, was run over by an extra train on the Rock Island, two miles west of Patterson. His head was crushed to a shapeless mass and one of his legs broken.

VICTIM NO. 22.

Mrs. Grigsby, a deaf-mute woman, of Prospect, O., was killed on the railroad on Saturday last.

Tying His Tongue With A Vow.

DOOMING HIMSELF TO EXILE, SILENCE, POVERTY AND SORE FEET.

LONDON, May 10.—The famous deaf and dumb knic-knack peddler who, during the past few years attracted so much attention on London Bridge, has died in the Southwark Workhouse. Before his death he beckoned to his cot one of the hospital attendants and terrified him by speaking to him. When the attendant recovered from his astonishment the beggar confessed that his deafness and dumbness had been feigned,

He said he was a Swiss gentleman of fortune and belonged to one of the best families in the Republic. When a young man he was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished girl. He was possessed of a most violent temper, and in a lover's quarrel over a trifle one day, he so wounded the girl with the bitterness of his invective that she fell ill. His cruel conduct stung him so that he became melancholy from remorse and left home. He then resolved to punish himself. He vowed to became a voluntary exile for twenty years; to earn his own living; leave his fortune untouched; keep his relatives and friends ignorant of his whereabouts and go bareheaded and barefooted in all weather during the entire time, and to listen to no one and to no human being during the ten last years of his exile. If he lived to complete his vow, he meant to return home and use his fortune and the remainder of his days in making his betrothed happy, providing she were alive and unmarried.

He had rigidly kept his vow; "but," he cried, before he expired, "my time is not quite up, and I must die before it is. I have been punished as I deserved."

Investigation, so far as it has gone, has proven that the peddler's story is entirely true, and his family in Switzerland have been made acquainted with his death.—*N. Y. World.*

MARRIED.

VINCENT—LANSING.—At the home of the bride, April 30th, 1884, by Rev. R. E. King, Jr., Dr. W. A. Vincent to Miss Bessie A. Lansing, both of Three-Mile-Bay, N. Y.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

MARRIAGE OF MR. W. E. TODD TO MISS A. H. FREEMAN—AN UNIQUE CEREMONY.

A quiet little wedding was solemnized, last Saturday morning, May 3d, at the residence of Mrs. M. Ripley, in Indianapolis, Indiana. The contracting parties were Mr. W. Edgar Todd, Supervisor of the boys at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and Miss Allie H. Freeman, Teacher in the Primary Department.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. R. Mitchell of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, and was quite unique, the groom being in possession of all his faculties, and the bride lacking one; that of hearing.

The groom is a native of old Kentucky, but for the past few years has resided in this city. He was attired in the regulation dress suit, and was apparently as happy as a groom could be.

The bride is a resident of Lafayette, and is known in the deaf-mute world as a writer of some note, having frequently contributed to the JOURNAL under such *noms de plume* as "Newcomer," "Snowbound" and "Juanita." She was elegantly attired in a traveling costume of brown corded silk, with box pleatings of the same, the front being of dull brocaded satin. It was a model of beauty and elegance. No ornaments except amber earings.

After the ceremony the bridal pair drove to the depot, where they were met by a number of friends. Many were the wishes expressed for a bright and unclouded future—that the path of the two young people who had united their hopes and destinies, might be through fields where bright flowers are ever smiling.

At 11:45 A.M. they boarded the fast mail for Lafayette to spend a few days with the bride's friends. The presents were very handsome. Among them we noticed Amberina water service, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bierhaus; elegant China fruit dish, Mr. W. A. Caldwell and Mrs. M. Edna Foster; Amberina vase (lily), Miss S. L. D. Summers; embroidered handkerchief, Miss Anna Hendricks; French glass vases, Miss E. B. Lowe; Japanese panels, Mr. Gus. Jutt; hand-painted pin cushion, Mrs. S. J. Cassin; panel pictures (statuary), Miss A. Robertson; napkin rings (gold inlaid), Misses May and Flora Schelague; fancy towels, Mrs. M. E. Elisha; dressing case, Mr. Arthur Sheetz; box of French confectionery, Mr. W. S. Hamlin.

TO WILL AND ALLIE.

"Think not as much of orange blossoms,
Of satin robes from dainty looms,
O beautiful bride, O noble groom,
As the heart's undying troth
That giveth and is nothing loth
True love for love, enough for both.
Full many things you'll need, I ween,
To lighten home, O king and queen,
That wedded life may flow serene.
Bring patience that she may preside,
And ever at your hearth abide,
At morn, at noon and eventide;
Bring love to sweeten all your pain;
Bring constancy to gild the chain
That makes you one in heart and brain;
Bring sweet Tolerance, let her be
A true peace angel unto thee,
And ever listen to her plea;
Bring cheerfulness, O bride and groom,
A lamp to light the darkest room,
And scatter loveliness and gloom.
Then envy, jealously, and hate,
False pride and poverty her mate,
Turn out at once, and shut the gate.
Then shall your lives in fullness flow,
And joy attend, where'er you go,
While flowers perennial round you grow.
Then, like the streamlets in the sun,
That ages toward the river run,
Shall your two young lives blend in one."

DEWDROP.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 5, '84.

ST. LOUIS.

Church Services of Rev. A. W. Mann.

MEETINGS OF THE DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

(From our St. Louis Correspondent.)

We have not written any news from this city for such a long time that maybe a few anxious mutes may desire to know the reason why, though we confidently believe the majority of the JOURNAL readers felt relieved when they noted the absence of our windy, dry old budget. However, we will say that our excuse for not writing sooner is ill health—for the last four weeks we have been prohibited from wrestling with such a tough subject as a letter, by our cranky people killer, vulgarly called a doctor. It gives us pleasure to come to the scratch again, and say, though "all broke up," we are "still in the ring" for a while at least.

Rev. A. W. Mann favored our town with a call Sunday, April 19th, and held his usual services, which were very interesting, as they invariably are when he officiates. But, alas! the attendance fell short of what it should have been, only thirty-five or forty of our silent community attending the afternoon service and correspondingly thin congregations the other services. However, we think it not fair to blame our deaf-mutes, when every thing is duly considered. The reason for all this is to be laid against the weather clerk. It looks as if that hoary sinner, "old Probs," had a standing grudge against Mr. Mann, as after blessing us with several weeks of the most enjoyable weather any mortal could desire, he sent a cold "blizzard" down this way about the time for morning service, accompanied with a miserable, drizzling rain, that made people disgusted. With all these odds against our mutes, we think the attendance was very good, though if the weather had been fine there is no telling how many fair ones might have turned out, as it was about the time of the year when they blossom out in their spring finery, and every one is anxious to see if they don't lay over the others. Likewise, it is not to be expected that our dudes would expose their delicate forms to the tender mercies of the howling wind without. It is not possible that the weather will go back on Rev. A. W. Mann next time, and we think St. Louis will turn out as large a crowd to see him there as any town can.

The Deaf-Mute Club had a special meeting, May 3d, to hear the report of the picnic committee, who said they visited several places, but thought Lindell Park was the best place, and the manager gave them liberal terms. The club accepted the report, and agreed on Lindell Park for its Third Annual Picnic. There was much discussion, as to the date, but all hands finally decided that Sunday, August 3d, was most desirable date in a money-making point of view, though, it is a new departure from the usual deaf-mute picnics.

On motion of Mr. Stafford, the committee was retired with a benediction from the members. Then the President appointed a new one to superintend all the ticket, prizes, gate-keeping and other details. The gents selected were: Messrs. W. Kreideweiss, H. Lamb, W. and J. Campbell and J. C. McQuown. Discussion as to price of tickets resulted in their being placed at twenty-five cents. After that the club adjourned.

Saturday, May 10th, the club held its usual monthly pow-wow, and no business of interest to the public at large occurred, so we will drop the subject.

Mr. Peter Greening, a deaf-mute residing in Staunton, Ill., of whose misfortune some of the JOURNAL readers have doubtless heard, sent a postal to Hugh P. Lamb describing his destitute condition and it struck a soft spot in that young gent's heart, so he immediately worked the boys up to the point with the valuable assistance of Messrs. W. E. Guss and Will Stafford. The club decided to raffle a clock contributed by the club; that seeming the best way to induce the boys to part with their dimes for sweet charity's sake. The raffle came off Saturday evening, April 18th, but owing to the horrible weather barely half the members were present, however, the snug little sum of ten dollars was realized and duly forwarded to Mr. Greening, who acknowledged the receipt by blessing everybody, and saying we knock Chicago out of sight when it came to giving a needy fellow mute a left. Chicago is reputed to have a good many more of the sterner sex than our town, and they were anxious to let the public know they contributed the magnificent sum of three dollars to help a mute of their own State! Oh! if Chicago will go this sum one better, our boys will double it. St. Louis mutes are charitable, if nothing else.

J. J. Gill blossomed out recently in a high hat. Johnny is rapidly overhauling our champion dude, and promises ere long to enjoy that title.

Leo Froning has been sick for the past couple of weeks, with dyspepsia, he says, but "Jim Jams" smiles wickedly, and says too much green fruit.

Mike O'Brien is travelling around as of yore, though he shows the effects of his recent severe illness.

The Columbus Base-Ball Club came here and dropped two balls, but they are a good team, and no mistake. More next week. JIM JAMS.

Professional Deaf-Mute Ball Player.

TAKING THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS WITH HIS EYES AND RUNNING BASES ON HIS OWN JUDGMENT.

(Chicago Evening Mail.)

"Wasn't that ball a hot one?"

The catcher seemed to totally ignore the question. Thinking perhaps he had not heard it, the *Evening Mail* reporter said again: "Wasn't that ball a hot one?"

The man stood wholly indifferent to the question and speechless as an oyster.

"The fellow does not hear you. He is deaf and dumb, said Capt. Anson who stood near.

The man spoken to was Spaulding, the catcher, now on trial with the Chicago ball club. He was standing up close to the batter and freezing on to every ball that came through, in remarkably fine shape.

"He's a good one," remarked Manager Clarke, of the reserves.

"He came here on his own responsibility about ten days ago and wanted to be taken on trial. He is from the deaf and dumb institution at Jacksonville, and notwithstanding his trouble he does very good work."

"How do you get him under the control of his captain in base-running."

"Well, we have a system of signs. He plays with his eyes. He keeps them intently upon the ball and captain and in that way makes a very strong game."

"Do you expect to make him one of the permanent members of the reserve force?"

"The prospect is that he will stay with us. His playing thus far has been highly satisfactory, and he gives every promise for further development."

"Where has he played here before?"

"This is his first work with a professional club. He has played much with the club at the institute from which he hails."

"Don't you anticipate that he will make quite a card in the way of a 'freak?'"

"Yes, we expect that he will prove somewhat of an advantage in that line. He will serve not only as a splendid player, but will add to the business end, which will not prove at all disagreeable."

Base ball playing, evidently, as well as other amusements, is getting to be a matter of attractions. Novelties and special features are no longer to be confined to dime museums and side-shows. The question of a selection is no more to to be confined to men of exceptional physique and possessed of all their physical members and senses. Deaf and dumb catchers, blind base-runners, and pitchers who can throw with their feet will be the cards from this year on.

Cleveland led off last year with a one-armed pitcher. He scores a great success not only as a batter, but every body wanted to see how the fellow did it. The Chicago's, alive to the situation, have now a special feature. It is expected that St. Louis will soon imitate Chicago and place a blind man at the bat.

Monte Cristo.

The above is the lecture that was to be delivered to an audience on May 6th, in aid of the Guild of Silent Workers, by Mr. C. Bryan. The day came in a very disheartened fashion—rainy. At 7:30 o'clock a good many mutes came, numbering twenty-three in all. Chats, cracking jokes, etc., were indulged in to wait for a larger gathering, but useless.

A JOURNAL reporter met Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and asked:

"Can nothing else be done to satisfy those who have come?"

In answer to this, he called the committee, and went to a corner to have a confab. After the skipping of a few moments, he appeared with a broad smile and announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am sorry to say that "Monte Cristo" is to be postponed until further notice. 'The Two Orphans' will be given to-night," whereupon he ushered and introduced Mr. Chas. Bryan before the small audience.

Every eye was fastened upon the lecturer, as he stood for a moment with slightly flushed cheeks, then began in his usual graceful way of delivering lectures. He held the audience with bated breath and necks craned forward, listening with their eyes—it seemed to hold them spell-bound.

Again the JOURNAL reporter spied the chairman and asked:

"What is to be done in order to further the strawberry festival programme, as was said before the meeting of the Guild?"

"Oh, yes, I have forgotten, and I request you would put it in the JOURNAL that the committee will please meet, surely, rain or shine on the date I give. To-night it would not do, as there are not enough lady members present."

Those who were present are Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bryan, Mrs. Witschief, Mrs. F. Bailey, Miss F. Jones, Miss Felver, Rev. Mr. Colt, Messrs. Barnes, Soper, Heyman, Campbell, J. Witschief, Mr. Tobin, Le Clercq, Mr. L. W. Bailey, Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald, Mr. C. Thomson, and four others whose names our reporter has forgotten.

It was stated at the meeting of the Guild that the admission fee would be ten cents, but none was collected, so in words it was a "free lecture," and was gotten for boldly fronting the storm.

MANHATTAN CARLO.

BALTIMORE.

Association News.

OUR MUTES' VISIT TO WASHINGTON ON PRESENTATION DAY.

Church Services.

(From our Baltimore Correspondent.)

There was no meeting of the Baltimore Deaf-Mute Association, held last Wednesday night, May 7th, as several of our members went on a pleasant visit to Washington, it being Presentation Day at the National Deaf-Mute College, while others went to witness Barnum's circus.

Our association since its organization has flourished, and is in good circumstances. Additional features will shortly be added to make it present a still better appearance. Any mutes from other states, who intend to visit this city, will please inform our secretary, and we will do all we can to receive them with utmost pleasure.

Messrs. Chas. J. Peregoy and Adolph Knoechel took a train to Washington, to visit the United States Government buildings. After their arrival, they were greeted by Principal C. W. Ely, of the Maryland Deaf-Mute Institution, at Frederick City, mutes of Washington, and several mute visitors. They paid a pleasant visit to Mrs. Amoss and Mrs. Weltz. After dinner, they went to the National Deaf-Mute College, to attend the graduating class exercises in the chapel. At five o'clock they visited the gymnasium building. After supper, Mr. Peregoy went to see Miss Annie Elliott, a charming mute lady.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Church, New York City, was in this city on his way home from Washington last Sunday afternoon, preaching to a good deaf-mute audience at Grace Church. Rev. Dr. Williams' service was interpreted into signs to the deaf-mutes at Christ Church on that night.

Messrs. Linton and McElory regret to say they were unable to accompany the other members on Presentation Day to the National Deaf-Mute College, owing to much business.

Mr. John B. Myers, of Hagerstown, Md., a former pupil of the Maryland Deaf-mute Institute at Frederick City, Md., writes to his Baltimore friends, stating he is always pleased to hear from them and may pay his respects to our Association soon, if nothing prevents him. He is in excellent health, and is doing a fine business at his home.

Miss Henrietta Wicks, a deaf-mute young lady of this city, intended to spend a part of the summer in the country. We hope she will have a splendid time.

Last week Mr. Harry J. Gill witnessed one of the curious things at the Dime Museum, a "Baby Show" in the "Curio," which attracted immense crowds toward its close.

Mr. E. E. Butterbaugh, a former pupil of the Columbia School, at Washington, D. C., runs a coal and wood yard on his own hook, and is prospering.

Mr. Louis Kampe sports a high "stove pipe" hat and a "dude" suit.

Misses Ella E. Peregoy, Sallie Gourley and H. Wicks, expect to go to Washington and spend two days there, next Saturday.

Mr. John A. Branflick bought Mr. Butterbaugh's wagon last week, which he intends to use in the imported fruit business, with Mr. Edward Ramsay as partner.

No more news until next time.

CORRESPONDING SEC'Y.

May 12, '84.

Providence Society.

The Providence Deaf-Mute Society, will hold their First Annual Meeting in the afternoon and evening, in Franklin Lyceum, on Saturday May 24th, 1884.

It is desired that each deaf-mute resident in the State and elsewhere should be present by all means, as some important changes might be made, and deliberated upon to their hearts content for the Society's future welfare, and to the benefit of each member.

The Society will hereafter conduct Sunday services in the forenoons and afternoons during the Summer and Fall seasons, commencing May 18th. All are cordially invited to attend.

C. H. STEERE, *Sec'y.*

PROVIDENCE, May 13, '84.

Rev. T. B. Berry's Appointments.

May 27, at 7. 30 P.M.—Christ Church, Clayton, N. Y.

May 28, at 7. 30 P.M.—Trinity Church, Watertown, N. Y.

Wanted.

An educated German lady wishes a situation as matron or housekeeper in an Institution. Has had experience in both positions, and understands the sign-language.

Address:

MRS. H. M. LEVY,
425 East 122d St., N. Y. City.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

'84's Gala Day.

A NOTABLE EVENT.

(*From our Washington Correspondent.*)

Presentation Day, 1884, the twentieth anniversary of the College, and the day which for five years has been looming up before the present senior class, as the day of days in its college life, has at length been borne away in the onward flow of time, and now only remains as one of the choice memories of *auld lang syne*.

The occasion proper was in itself a complete success, but there was one circumstance which threatened to mar its happy termination, and this was the menacing aspect of the weather. The sun, which, they tell us, always made it a point to shine its brightest on Kendall's fete day, was this time determined to make a departure from the old rule. The day before had been unpleasant enough, while Wednesday itself dawned with clouded skies, and all through the day the heavens wore the same lowering look. Indeed it seemed as if the force of the old tradition "on Presentation Day it never rains," would be broken, but happily not a drop of rain fell, while the other features of the day were so gratifyingly successful that this minor disappointment might be overlooked. In short the only effect of this threatening frown of Jupiter Pluvius was to keep the indifferent away, and thus to prevent an overcrowded house, the great hall being just comfortably filled.

As usual, the college buildings were the scene of much preparatory bustle and confusion, throughout the morning. Decorators were busy in the chapel, and with the help of flags and draperies, put the great hall in an appropriate festal dress. The centre of the western wall facing the auditorium, bore a large gilt eagle, grasping in its talons the National coat of arms, from which floated in graceful curve gay red, white and blue gauze streamers, while below, spanning in an arch the central niche with its portrait of the late Amos Kendall, appeared in letters of gold the class motto:

MORE BEYOND.

The eastern wall of the stage annex was also appropriately draped with the National colors, but the side walls, with their stained glass windows, and busts and portraits, needed no other ornament. On the whole, there was much less of decoration than last year and year before last, the increasing number of works of art in the hall making the display of so much bunting and tinsel unnecessary. The effect was subdued and pleasing, and the old hall never wore a more attractive appearance.

At about 1:30 a special train from Baltimore stopped at K and Seventh Street, two blocks from the College, having on board a delegation from Johns Hopkins, including President Gilman, Professors Gildersleeve, Remsen, Martin and Wood, and about fifteen other distinguished Baltimoreans, ladies and gentlemen. These were met by Prof. Gordon and escorted to the College, where refreshments were served.

Guests from the city began to arrive by half past two, and soon Seventh Street presented a gay and animated scene, with its continuous throng of visitors, afoot and in carriages. The attendance was much larger than the condition of the weather gave reason to hope for, and included many ladies and gentlemen prominent in public life. By a quarter past three, nearly every chair in the hall was occupied. Among the guests on the reserved seats, were Justice and Mrs. Miller, the wives of Senators Dawes, Blair, Platt, Dolph, Hawley, Cameron and Hill, Mr. Cheng Tsao Yu, the Chinese Minister, and his secretaries, Mr. Chu and Mr. Bartlett, Hon. George Bancroft, Mrs. Bancroft Davis, Congressman and the Misses Ranney, Mrs. Hilgard, Mrs. Gilman, Mr. and Mrs. Hildrup, Congressman and Miss Henderson, of Iowa; Mr. Carter, the Hawaiian Minister, and Mrs. and Miss Carter, Commisioner and Mrs. Edmonds, Judge and Mrs. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, ex-Senator and Mrs. Pomeroy, Congressman and Mrs. Geo. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth R. Spofford, Miss Isabel Hill, Miss Dolph, Mrs. J. D. Lander, Miss Miller, Mrs. Dunn and Miss Eustice.

At half past three, President Gallaudet and his distinguished guests left the college office, and preceded by the marshal entered the chapel by the northwest door, and took seats upon the platform. President Arthur was unable to attend, being out of town, and in his absence Chief Justice Morison R. Waite presided. Among those seated with him on the platform were President Gallaudet, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the philantropist, Senator Dawes, President Gilman, and Professors Remsen, Gildersleeve, Martin and Wood, of Johns Hopkins University; Principals Ely and Gillett, of the Maryland and Illinois State Schools for the deaf; Hon. Erastus Brooks, of New York; Judge Niblack, of Indiana; Gen. J. T. Henderson, Congressman from Illinois; Judge Reynolds, of Alabama; Rev. Dr. E. D. Huntley, Rev. Dr. John Chester, Rev. Dr. Elliott, Dr. Welling, Dr. Patton, Father Doonan, Hon. Henry Stockbridge, of Baltimore; Hon. J. W. Foster, Minister to Spain; Col. Emil Frey, Minister from Switzerland; Judge Lawrence, Assistant Secretary, of the Treasury French; Rev. Barnabas M. Fay, Prof. Hilgard, of the United States Coast Survey, Gen. Eaton, Gen. McKee Dunn, Prof. Theodore Gill, Mr. R. C. Fox, Hon. J. Ormond Wilson, Drs. Bibber and Thomas, of Baltimore; Hon, J. M. S. Williams, of Boston; Mr. Denison and Profs. Fay, Porter, Chickering, Gordon, Hotchkiss and Draper, of the College Faculty.

The Rev. Dr. Elias D. Huntley, Pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, and Chaplain of the Senate, opened the exercises with an eloquent invocation, which was interpreted in signs by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet. After the prayer, President Gallaudet announced the names of the members of the graduating class, Messrs. Warren Robinson, of Wisconsin; Lewis Arthur Palmer, of Tennessee; Brewster Randall Allabough, of Pennsylvania; and George William Veditz, of Marland. The Doctor stated that all four of these young men could speak, but that they could hardly do justice to their orations, if they were to deliver them orally, since from want of pratice their voices were not strong enough to fill the hall, and that they would therefore render their addresses in signs, while Prof. Chickering and Dr. Thomas Gallaudet would read them aloud to the audience. He then introduced Mr. Robinson, who, mounting the rostrum, delivered his essay on "Theory and Practice," which evinced much thought and originality, and met with hearty applause at the close. Mr. Robinson was followed by Mr. Palmer, who rendered his oration on the "Influence of Woman," in his usual quick and nervous manner. His effort was exceedingly well received, one passage in particular describing the wiles and blandishments of woman as stronger than all the craft and finesse of Satan and his crew combined, meeting with laughing applause. Mr. Allabough followed, his subject being the "Pyramids of Egypt." His address was rendered in graceful and collected style, and the apparent depth of research evinced by his paper ensured it the generous approbation of the audience. An intermission of five minutes followed, and then the last speaker, Mr. Veditz, was introduced, who read a paper on "The Hohenstaufen Era of German Literature." Mr. Veditz is well conversant with German, and his paper dealing with a comparatively little known subject met with interested and appreciative attention. The orations of Messrs. Robinson and Veditz were read aloud by Prof. Chickering, and those of Messrs. Palmer and Allabough, by Dr. Thomas Gallaudet.

At the conclusion of the addresses, President Gallaudet presented the graduating class to the assembled trustees as candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He remarked that the diplomas would not be conferred until June, there being yet one final examination to sustain, but added that the high standing of the young men, as students, left no doubt that they would be successful. In his address, the President further spoke with unstinted praise of the scholarly achievements of the class, saying that it had won the most brilliant record ever attained during the twenty years the College had been in existence, the class average being over 9.60 on a scale of 10, for the entire four years of the course. Honorable mention was also made of Mr. Haas, a member of the class, who had been compelled by sickness to suspend his studies but who, should the state of his health permit, intended to return in the fall to complete his course.

In introducing Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, President of the "University of America," Dr. Gallaudet alluded to the pleasant coincidence of one of the prospective baccalaureates being a Baltimorean, and also spoke of the influence the great university was wielding both direct and indirect as an educational factor, and that this influence was even felt in the Deaf-Mute College, a more emulative and daring scholarly spirit being the outcome.

After a series of witty sallies, which completely won the goodwill of the audience. Dr. Gilman plunged *in medias res*, and announced that his discourse was on three vital questions of the day—the academic, the educational, and the industrial. Under the first head, he discussed the present agitation against the "College Fetisch," and took decided grounds in support of the classic training, urging the need of advanced study, and the cultivation of the humanities along with the exact sciences. Referring to the educational question, he spoke of the marked spread of ignorance in our great and growing country, and of the correspondingly great need of a national system of public schools having government support to back it. In alluding to the Blair Educational Bill, he remarked that he saw no reason why a measure which would be productive of so much good should fail to become a law. He also spoke in terms of the warmest praise of the good work done by such men as Peabody and Slater and by Corcoran and Pratt. In speaking of the industrial or labor problem, Dr. Gilman gave it as his opinion that this great question would be solved, together with that of education, and also dwelt on the importance of cultivating the taste and skill of the mechanic and laborer by the opening of libraries, museums, art galleries, parks, etc. In closing, the speaker commented on the good work achieved by the Deaf-Mute College, and in the education of the deaf in general, saying: "The work of educating the deaf and dumb, is one of the best in the world. When we read poems written by deaf-mutes as good as those written by persons with all their faculties, it speaks volumes for this glorious work." Dr. Gilman's discourse was an able and brilliant one throughout, and was frequently applauded. It was interpreted in signs by Dr. E. A. Fay.

Dr. Gilman was followed in an extempore, but very forcible and interesting speech, by Principal Gillett, of the Illinois Institution, Dr. Gallaudet interpreting the same in signs. In speaking of the charge of extravagance made by some against the college, he said that though the cost of giving a deaf-mute a college training was comparatively great, still each and every iota of the sums appropriated for the purpose was rightfully bestowed—that if we could commend the course of England in paying five million pounds sterling to the barbarian Theodore of Abyssinia in ransom for four of her sons, or the action of the United States government in sending out scores of brave hearts and expending thousands of dollars for the rescue of a single American crew from the grasp of Arctic snow and ice, we might still more commend the bestowal of liberal sums for such a noble and enlightened purpose as the college avowedly had in view. The speaker moreover indignantly refuted the idea entertained by so many, that schools for the deaf are mere charities—they are part and parcel of the great public school system of the nation.

Turning to the graduating class, Dr. Gillett addressed them with some cheering words of counsel. Pointing to their motto, the "More Beyond," which shone in gilt letters on the wall, he dwelt on the significance which the day had for them. They had come to the close of an honorable college career, but there was still a more beyond—the broad open arena of the world, and in its sterner struggle they were soon to take an active part.

Dwelling for a moment on what constitutes a hero, he closed with a quotation from Longfellow's Psalm of Life:

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!"

Dr. Gillett's truly eloquent address made a deep impression, and was received with great applause. At its close, the Rev. John Chester, D.D., of the Metropolitan Presbyterian Church, pronounced a benediction which closed the exercises.

After the exercises in the chapel, an exhibition was given by the students in the gymnasium.

President and Mrs. Gallaudet, assisted by their daughters, the Misses Grace and Kitty Gallaudet, also gave a reception at their residence, which was largely attended.

Taking all in all, Presentation Day of the class '84 was a great and glorious event, reflecting honor not only on the class itself, but on the whole college, professors and students alike. Never was any class blessed with a more auspicious fete day, and those who ought to know, say it surpassed every previous Presentation in dignity and interest. May Old Kendall still see many another such anniversary, and may it ever continue to thrive, a glory alike to our deaf, to our nation and to the great world in general.

HARRY FIELDING.

May 12, '84.

NEW YORK.

"Chip" is informed that there will be a new nine happy and willing to play the Fanwoods on Decoration Day. Probably there will be two or three nines, who will take turns in playing with the Fanwoods.

The Manhattan Literary Association chartered the saloon steamer Florence for an excursion on July 16th.

Charles Bryan was in Norwalk, Ct., during the past week. He is back in New York again.

The celebrated Jam Club are to be "taken" by Pach, next Friday, 16th inst. They are to be "taken" in the costumes they wore last February 22d, at the masquerade, and one of the dignified, but pretty members informs us that a big jar of jam will have a central position in the group.

Last Wednesday, the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union held its regular meeting.

Before the meeting opened, Rev. S. J. T. Freeman made a few remarks about the progress of the society, and gave some good advice, which was taken. A communication was receivde from Mrs. Pownall stating that her husband had undergone a painful surgical operation recently, and was prevented from attending by order of his doctor.

Chairman of Pic-nic stated that the committee had been selected too late to get a date at any place suitable to the Society, and advised holding an excursion instead. Motion seconded, and he was instructed to look for something suitable.

The Union is to be photographed by Pach on the morning of May 18th, at eleven o'clock. Members must attend there, if they wish to be included in the group.

The Brooklyn society of deaf-mutes recently appointed a picnic committee, with Mr. McConville at the head. The Committee have secured Broadway Park, in the Eastern District, for Saturday, July 26th. The Chairman intends to have rifle shooting and prize bowling, etc., and intend, to swamp the New York societies in point of excellence. The admission to park will be 25 cents for each person.

X.

FANWOOD.

The Debate Between the M. L. A. & C. L. U.

ABOUT 150 MUTES PRESENT.

Newslets.

(*From our New York Correspondent.*)

Dr. and Mrs. Peet will take a tour to Europe this summer, so says rumor.

The members of the Peet Literary Society will soon be photographed in a group. Messrs. Porter, Thomas and Capelli, were elected as a committee at the last meeting of the society.

The pupils in Miss Caroline Virginia Hagadorn's drawing and painting department have finished some fine work, which will be on exhibition at the closing exercises of the academic year in June. The oil and water colors display, is exceptionally good.

The class of '84, of the High Class, have abandoned the proposed plan of graduating in plug hats. The hats must feel relieved.

There has been something said about getting up a four-oared boat race between members of the classes of '84 and '86. If it is possible to come to an agreement, the crew of '84 will consist of Messrs. G. S. Porter, stroke; Thomas, Sullivan and Capelli; that of '86, Messrs, Rose, stroke; Durian, Dunn and J. B. Lloyd.

William Durian is probably the greatest reader of any of our boys. He is generally to be found during leisure moments, in doors, pouring over some history or biography. His example might well be emulated by that numerous class who devote all their spare moments to idle, gossipy conversation.

During the launch of the venerable ark, "Evangeline," her crew were in apparent exuberant spirits, and among them none were more frisky than Messrs. Dunn and Rose. However, the ardor of the two mentioned was considerably cooled by a douse in the Hudson. They swam to shore, none the worse for their involuntary bath.

Mr. Moses Heyman and Miss Florence H. Jones visited friends on Washington Heights Tuesday evening last.

We understand that Miss Marie Toles had a dog at the canine exhibition in the city last week.

Prof. E. H. Currier attended a cattle show last week, and saw bovines whose values were rated among the thousands.

Another game of ball took place between representatives of Profs. Jones and Fox's class on Saturday afternoon. The umpire was Mr. Jas. B. Lloyd, and the score was 24 to 17, in favor of Prof. Jones' class.

A friend from Copenhagen, N. Y., delighted the heart of Miss Emily Wells by a visit on Sunday.

Miss Josephine F. Rintoul passed the Sabbath in Brooklyn.

At about seven o'clock Saturday evening last, many of the pupils congregated near the carriage drive for the purpose of viewing the expected approach of a Tally-ho coach, drawn by four spirited horses, and containing a dozen representatives from the Manhattan Literary Association and Catholic Literary Union. However, they were doomed to disappointment, as intelligence was received that, owing to the threatening state of the weather, the project had been abandoned, and the arrival of Mr. John F. O'Brien, soon after, confirmed the report.

The debate between the two leading New York deaf-mute societies was expected to commence at eight o'clock, but as Dr. Peet, who, together with Mr. E. A. Hodgson and Prof. W. G. Jones, had been chosen as Judges, was unavoidably detained, it was not until nine o'clock that the first gun was fired on the question: "Is a Republican form of Government more favorable to the cultivation of Literature, Science and Art, than a Monarchical form?" The affirmative side was upheld by two members of the Catholic Literary Union, Messrs. John F. O'Brien and James F. Donnelly; the negative side by two representatives of the Manhattan Literary Association, Messrs. Adolph Ekartd and John Wilkinson. The debate throughout was finely contested, but for soundness of argument and pointedness, Messrs. Ekartd and Wilkinson clearly had the best of it, their opponents confining themselves principally to sophistry. At eleven o'clock, the Judges retired, and about ten minutes after brought in a "verdict" in favor of the negative. The decision was favorably received as a general thing. There were about seventy-five mutes from the city present, which included but three ladies. At the conclusion of the debate, Prof. Jones, Treasurer of the Peet Bust Fund, announced the receipts of the evening to be $14.70.

The Fanwood Base Ball Club will play a match game with the Jasper 3d nine, of Manhattan College, on Saturday, May 17th. They have also received a challenge to play the Shelly Base Ball Club, which they have accepted, and the game will probably come off on Saturday, May 24th.

Mrs. William Sweeney, and her little son, of Melrose, N. Y., called at the Institution on Tuesday, in company with Herman Zorn.

The Institution subscribes for the New York *World* in behalf of James H. Caton, the blind mute.

While a crew of the "Evangeline" were out for a spin Tuesday morning, they discovered the dead body of a man floating in the water near Fort Washington, and directed a police boat to the spot. The body is supposed to be that of a gentleman whose boat capsized near Fort Lee on Saturday last.

PEET MEMORIAL FUND.

BULLETIN NO. 12.

Proceeds of the M. L. A. & C. L. B. U. debate,	$14 70
Previously acknowledged	382 24
Total to date,	$396 94

W. G. JONES,
Treasurer.

MAY 13, 1884.

Mrs. E. H. Currier left for Catskill, N. Y., on Saturday, and expects to remain a couple of weeks.

Miss Prudence Lewis, our esteemed assistant matron, is in receipt of four very handsome oil paintings from Miss Caroline Virginia Hagadorn, a lady of talent who has presided over the drawing department for a number of years past. Two of the paintings, landscapes, are especially fine, and are a credit to the painter. Miss Lewis was also recently presented with a fine water-color landscape by Miss Emily Wells, who has received a prize for painting and drawing at the close of the academic year for the past four or five years. She displays considerable talent for art—a talent which may develop extraordinary powers in the years to come. Among the many other young ladies here who deserve commendation for skill in painting, may be mentioned Misses Georgie Decker and Frankie Hawkins, both having executed some first-class work, considering the short time devoted to the art.

Charles Sparrow was here the latter part of last week, and said Henry C. Valentine and his newly-made bride had gone to housekeeping somewhere in the upper part of the city.

A gentleman, twenty-five years old, who is employed by the Delaware and Lackawana Express Co., and who but recently lost his hearing, has written to Prof. Currier with the object in view of learning the noble art of lip-reading.

The household effects of Dr. I. L. Peet were shipped to Dunkirk, N. Y., last week.

Mr. James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute Highlander, hands us the following: "I would like to have my friends, Mrs. Frank Roberts and Miss Gussie Sondberg, come up to this Institution next Tuesday, and witness the Exhibition at the 66th Annual Meeting of the Life Members of the Board of Directors. Judging from the past, the exhibition will be a grand success. I expect to go up to the picturesque Highlands on the 24th of this month, and will attend the entertainment to be given by the Grand Army of the Republic on Decoration day."

CHIP.

Letter from New England.

Thanks to "Harry Fielding" for his remarks in the last JOURNAL. They throw considerable light upon the condition of education, etc., in Japan, and made the matter of extending aid to the Japanese more clear to us. Looking upon this subject from all points of view, we have come to the conclusion that the deaf of America cannot in justice to themselves extend aid to their far off brethren. In giving the ground of my objection, a regard for the truth compels me to speak plain words, and if any be offended thereat we shall be sorry, but cannot help it. The deaf need the money themselves; one should be independent before they can give in charity, which the deaf are not. They do not pay for their own preaching. Our various State missions and religious societies here in New England are and always have been supported almost wholly by the contributions of the benevolent hearing public, through soliciting agents, and these latter pocket a handsome commission out of the same. This has of late years been carried to such an extent that a long-suffering public has become heartily weary of it, and many are lead to put the pertinent query whether it pays to educate the deaf in this country. Now, this is all wrong. Cannot something be done to lift us out of this quagmire of public obliquy, we feel sure that the independent and self-respecting deaf of New England will agree with us, that a sweeping reform in this matter is desirable. In union there is strength, and by joining forces a radical change for the better may be effected. Look at the Providence Society, which has already taken the initiatory step in this reform. The society has demonstrated the past year that they can get along without the aid of charity. Let other societies follow this noble example. We wish that the deaf would take this matter into personal consideration and feel it their christian duty to put aside a sum weekly for the cause of religion. It would greatly aid the cause of religion and christianity. By practicing a little self-denial and saving their pennies, the latter would soon foot up into dimes and dollars, and by degrees, as the good work went on, the deaf would be surprised to find how much they could help themselves. They would realize that proud consciousness born of true independence, and learn to more highly prize the privileges which they now enjoy in attending divine services and secular lectures at their various society rooms.

5-8-'84.

A Correction.

In the commendations of the "The Venture," which were published in the JOURNAL of May 1st, two names are misprinted—viz., Dr. J. G. Love, Hanover, Ill., and Mrs. D. L. Bowen, Savanna, Ill.

COLUMBUS.

A Halt in Building Improvements.

KILLED ON THE RAIL.

(*From our Columbus Correspondent.*)

"So near and yet so far," is probably a good figure of speech to apply to the prospect of having the needed improvements made this year, as authorized by the legislative appropriation for a new laundry and verandahs. It appears from the meetings of the Trustees, both formal and informal, that the sum thus appropriated is insufficient, in fact falling very much short of the amount since estimated to be necessary for a substantial erection and completion. An addition of a thousand dollars in the item would have a different and happy bearing upon the present state of affairs. As the law against creating deficiencies is very explicit, how the hitch is to be overcome is a problem which we are confident, however, the Board will be able to solve so that the work of improvements can be begun early this summer.

Dr. D. N. Kinsman re-appeared upon the stage last Friday evening, with a continuation of his lecture about "the body and how to take care of it." The discourse, as effectively interpreted by our Superintendent, was a very interesting one, fresh in points as well as instructive in the matter of facts. The pupils showed their keen appreciation by applauding heartily at its conclusion. Though the good doctor is about to sever his connection with this Institution, to our great regret, we hope that he will favor us with more of such discourses next winter.

It is going around the exchanges that a new postal card is expected to be issued. The card will be of better material, and smaller in size than the one in present use, and will be of a blue tinge.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield did not move out of the Institution until last Saturday, notwithstanding our report to the contrary. Indisposition on the part of Mrs. W. delayed their departure, which, however, was a blessing in disguise for her Institution friends, who were able to enjoy their company a little while longer.

Senator McLayman being in the city, called at the Institution last week to see Miss Feasley and other friends.

From present appearances, industrial education will form a large subject of discussion at the Minnesota Conference, at least it ought to.

Recently the Secretary of the Interior, writing a letter upon the subject of Industrial education, says: That "education is best which enables a person to take care of himself. Literary studies should be combined with manual labor exercises, but if either is neglected, it would be better to be the first."

Ed. J. Scott, the *Vis-a-Vis* foreman, had the misfortune to lose his pocket-book containing a sum of money, and some very valuable papers, last week. He had laid it by for a minute or two, and going out forgot to replace it. Since then he has not seen it again.

The Columbus *Journal* of last week contained the following:

"John Davis, a small deaf and dumb boy, a brother of Charles Davis, the incendiary mute, was found near the Union depot last night at one o'clock, and locked up at the city prison for safe-keeping. Yesterday his father gave him two dollars to take to his mother, but the rascal used the money himself, and did not go near home. He seems to share in the noted depravity of his brother."

A. G. Dewland, the deaf-mute cutter of this city, was given indefinite leave of absence by his employers a week or two ago. It is to be presumed that he will farm himself out for the summer.

The friends of Mr. Lew Fleniken at the Institute for Deaf and Dumb, Wednesday evening, presented him with a couple of boxes of cigars and a number of other valuable articles, the occasion being the anniversary of his birthday. Mr. Fleniken is now engaged as fireman at the Third Street house, a position in which he has had experience, and proves a most valuable member.—*Columbus Journal.*

The past week has witnessed, on a large scale, baseball practice by our boys on the home grounds. Doubtless they expect to give good account of themselves on challenge occasions.

At Louisville, Ky., last week, Columbus took a tumble, but caught up very handsomely in the last of the three games played there. A clean white goose-egg was the parting compliment.

Another railroad fatality, a very sad and distressing one, it becomes our painful duty to chronicle, but the saddest of all pens is that when the victim happens to be a woman, a worthy wife cherished by a fond husband, and the beloved mother of five interesting children, who are thus suddenly and without warning bereft of their tenderest earthly friend. Forty miles up north from Columbus, on the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railway, in the unpretending village of Prospect, there has lived from time unknown a married deaf and dumb couple, possessing a humble home and enjoying the respect and goodwill of their neighbors. The years rolled by, and the world saw and wondered how they could be blessed with children all hearing and speaking. Last winter the father sought and obtained a situation at this Institution, and before him three of his children had been filling various positions in the city. This spring the mother came to Columbus making a visit with her husband and children, and then returned home. Things were shaping toward an assurance of permanent employment for the father and husband, and accordingly it was arranged to have his wife and remaining children remove to Columbus the next (this) week, a house having been engaged, with gladsome anticipations of a soon re-united home circle. Last Friday evening, after the lecture was over, a number of the mutes adjourned to hold a little social chat and game at a residence on Oak street. About 9 o'clock, the door opened and a boy entered bearing a telegraphic dispatch. Some one sprang up and took the letter. It was for Mr. Harrison Grigsby, who, as he was tearing it open, remarked in his usual good spirits, that it must be from his wife telling or desiring him about some thing. Now he perused the contents. A deadly pallor followed, a throwing of the hand and an agonizing exclamation.

"Oh! I wish I was dead." A friend picked up the letter that had fallen upon the floor, and it read briefly—"*Your wife killed by a train this evening.*" Saturday papers announced Mrs. Harrison Grigsby, a mute lady of Prospect, O., killed by an extra train while walking across the track south of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo depot at that place. She was struck on the left side, thrown thirty feet and almost instantly killed. The bereaved husband, with his three children, left for home that morning. Further particulars of the fatal accident will be given in our next number, as Mr. Grigsby is not likely to return before the mailing of this correspondence. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pier accompanied the sorrowing party and attended the funeral at Prospect, O.

The axe has been laid at the root of the tree that stood near the school basement in the girls' back yard. This spring brought no sign of life to any of its branches, hence its cutting down.

Mrs. Rosa G. Patterson is at the old homestead in Hallsville, O., with the children for a season. Perhaps her visit will be cut short when she hears of the trouble at home, as told in the *Vis-a-Vis*: "Mr. P. and Mr. Schory persist in putting their feet under the mahogany at 521 East Rich St., during her absence."

A storm visited us with hail here last week Monday.

May Greener, daughter of the Professor, as the years are older to her, begins to appreciate things, the latest being the kind remembrance and joyous gathering of friends on the occasion of her birthday, which came off last week.

Mr. Charles McKeever, has been at the Institution in the evenings frequently during the past week. He has got a good job near by.

Mrs. Mary Willing of the book-bindery has gone to her brother's, in Zanesville, on a short vacation, to be with her children. Work at the shop is rather dull.

From Louisville to St. Louis the Columbus club went, where for three days they slugged the ball. First game, St. Louis, 3, Columbus, 2. Second, Columbus, 12, St. Louis, 3, and Third, St. Louis, 6, Columbus, 3. The boys will be tendered an ovation when they come home this week, headed by a brass band, and we would suggest the firing of the cannons in the State House yard for Dundon's benefit.

Miss Noyes left for Zanesville last Friday afternoon. She visited with Miss Jennie Shrom until Monday morning, when she returned in time for duty.

Miss Mary C. Bogle is still at No. 452 Oak Street, and will not be able to get away before the middle of June next.

NUMBER EIGHTY-EIGHT.

The National Deaf-Mute College.

GRADUATING EXERCISES OF THE CLASS OF EIGHTY-FOUR.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—The commencement exercises of the National Deaf-Mute College took place to-day in the hall of the college chapel at Kendall Green. The attendance was large, and included many ladies and gentlemen of prominence in official life. Chief Justice Waite, President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University; Senator Dawes, General McKee Dunn, W. W. Corcoran, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Church, New York; Dr. Gillett, of the Illinois Deaf-Mute Institution; Dr. Ely, of the Frederick Institution, Maryland; Commissioner of Education Eaton, J. Ormond Wilson, the Rev. Mr. Chester, and the Rev. Dr. Huntley, were among those who were seated on the platform. The hall was decorated with flags, and six students in dress suits acted as ushers.

Orations by the graduates were delivered in the sign language, accompanied by the reading of the manuscripts by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. George William Veditz, of Maryland, bore off the honors of the class, and made the highest average throughout the four years' course ever made by any student during the twenty years' existence of the college. His average on a scale of 10 was 9.87 right through the four years. He is a young man, apparently not more than twenty, with a fair complexion and bright auburn hair. His oration was on "The Hohenstaufen Era of German Literature," and was delivered with quick, gracefull gestures, which, with spoken words, would have been a brilliant effort. The other graduates were Warren Robinson, of Wisconsin, whose oration was on "Theory and Practice"; Louis Arthur Palmer, of Tennessee, "Influence of Woman"; and Brewster Randall Allabough of Pennsylvania, "The Pyramids of Egypt."

This class is said by Professor Gallaudet, the president, to be superior to all preceding classes. They were addressed by President Gillman, of Johns Hopkins, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. This was followed by a brief but exceedingly forcible speech by Dr. Gillett, accompanied in the sign language by President Gallaudet.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR:—I take much interest in the Southern Convention, which is to be held in Staunton, Virginia, on June 11th, 12th and 13th. The Institution will have its vacation on the 11th of June. I would like to advise parties going from the East, West, and North, to stop in Washington to visit the Capitol, "Treasury," and the Deaf-Mute College, and other places, and then take the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, passing through old Harper's Ferry and traveling on the beautiful Shenandoah Valley into the State of Virginia, giving them a chance to stop over a few hours to visit the Luray Cave. This cave is said to be one of the finest caves in America. On arriving in Staunton, the Blue Ridge Mountains can be seen. About eighteen miles south of Staunton, the Natural Bridge and the Old Soldiers' Home of Robert E. Lee can be seen. This will be one of the best trips ever had to visit the Southern Convention.

The Rev. Chamberlain will give a service in Christ chapel, on Divison Avenue, on Sunday, the 18th of this month, at 10:30 A.M. All mutes are invited, and their hearing friends are welcome.

Mrs. Platt is in the city with her parents. She will start for Middletown, Conn., in a few days.

Miss Hannah Henry has moved to 17th Street in South Brooklyn, and is near Prospect Park, where she can enjoy herself very much.

Miss Annie Reilly, of Newburgh, N. Y., was seen in this city. She is paying a visit with Miss Henry for a short time.

It is said that the Manhattan Literary Association will make some arragements for having an excursion in July.

The Brooklyn Society has a place in Broadway Park, for a picnic on Wednesday, July 2nd. But the meeting was so small, Wednesday night, on account of rain, that there were not members enough to arrange it, and it can be known next week.

CHARLES E. GREEN.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

May 15.—Cleveland, 7:30 P.M.
" 18.—Jackson, 9:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
" 18.—Jackson, 10:30 A.M. Combined Service.
" 18.—Jackson, 7:30 P.M. Deaf-Mute Service.
" 19.—Flint.
" 20.—Toledo. Diocesan Convention.
" 25.—Grand Rapids, 10:30 A.M.
" 25.—Grand Rapids, 3:00 P.M.
" 25.—Grand Rapids, 7:30 P.M.
June 1.—Terre Haute, 10:30 A.M.
" 1.—Terre Haute, 3:00 P.M.
" 1.—Terre Haute, 7:30 P.M.
" 2.—Indianapolis, 7:30 P.M.
" 3.—Indianapolis. Diocesan Convention.
" 7.—Chicago. Lecture.
" 8.—Chicago, 2:45 P.M.
" 8.—Chicago, 7:30 P.M. Probable.
" 9.—Aurora, Ill., 7:30 P.M.
" 15.—Cleveland, 10:30 A.M.
" 15.—Cleveland, 3:00 P.M.
" 15.—Cleveland, 7:30 P.M.
" 16.—Youngstown, 7:30 P.M.
" 22.—St. Louis, 10:30 A.M.
" 22.—St. Louis, 3:00 P.M.
" 26.—Cleveland, 7:30 P.M.

REVS. BICKNELL AND MANN.

June 28.—Cambridge City, Ind., Picnic and Re-union.
" 29.—Cambridge City, Ind., 10:30 A.M.
" 29.—Cambridge City, Ind., 3:00 P.M.
" 29.—Cambridge City, Ind., 7:30 P.M.

REVS. GALLAUDET AND MANN.

July 5.—Chicago. Picnic and Re-union.
" 6.—Chicago, 10:30 A.M.
" 6.—Chicago, 2:45 P.M.
" 6.—Chicago, 7:30 P.M.
" 7.—Milwaukee, 7:30 P.M.
" 9.—Faribault. Cathedral, 7:30 P.M.
" 10.—Faribault, Good Shepherd 7:30 P.M.
" 11.—Minneapolis, St. Marks, 7:30 P.M.
" 13.—St. Paul, 10:30 A.M.
" 13.—Minneapolis, Gethsemane, 3:00 P.M.
" 13.—Minneapolis, Gethsemane, 7:30 P.M. Combined service.
" 14.—St. Paul, Christ, 7:30 P.M.
" 15.—Winona, Minn., 7:30 P.M.
" 16.—Madison, Wis., Convention.
" 17. " " Service 7:30 P.M.

REV. MR. MANN.

" 20.—Cleveland, 10:30 A.M.
" 20. " 3:00 P.M.
" 27.—Pittsburg.

His Dead Child.

The other day a New Orleans man had occasion to go over the lake. On his way back, and when the train stopped at the bay, he noticed a man getting into the car in front of him with a little baby in his arms. After the train had got under way, the conductor came and said: "Come with me; I want to show you the saddest, strangest sight you ever saw," and he led the way into the next car. There sat the man whom he had noticed with the babe; his precious little bundle lay on the seat in front of him, and as these other two men watched he leaned over and looked long and earnestly in the little face, and then kissed the frail finger-tips he held so gently in his hand. "That baby's dead," said the conductor. "It died this morning at the bay. He couldn't bear to put it in a coffin, because then it would have to go without him in the baggage car, and so he is just carrying it home to New Orleans in his arms." Stricken to the heart's core he sat there quiet and unheeding, watching over his dead child, kissing the fingers that would never again softly clasp his, looking down upon the white lids that had closed over the bright eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at night time over its delicate heart, and the world was nothing to him.—*New Orleans Times Democrat.*

THE WAITER'S TRAGEDY.

It was a dreary winter's day—cold, and raw, and wet—such a day as you would naturally expect in New York in November. I was in sympathy with the weather—ill-tempered, cranky, and miserable—for I had lost heavily on 'Change that morning. I passed a restaurant on Broadway, and it occurred to me that a steak, tender and juicy, would, to some extent, soothe my wounded spirit; so I kicked a little bootblack out of my way, boxed the ears of a newspaper boy who yelled: "E-choo-o!" at me, and entered the hostelry. It was a large, handsome room, well furnished with mahogany, plate glass, etc. The guests were especially numerous, and the waiters were very busy. I seated myself. A man with a lack-lustre eye, and a far-away expression, came up to the table and quietly waited for my order.

"Sirloin steak, rare; potatoes; Brussels sprouts."

Silently he went, nor long remained away. In a few minutes he returned, bearing—chops (overdone), tomatoes, and Vienna bread! I gazed at the assortment of viands I didn't want, and then I gazed at the waiter. He was evidently several centuries away.

"What in thunder is this?" I inquired.

He awoke.

"Beg pardon, sir; lunch, sir. Chops, sir; tomatoes, sir, bread, sir."

In tones of fearful coolness, I replied:

"Just you take those straight back, and bring me what I ordered. Hear?" and I repeated my order.

The man looked at me with a troubled air, as if he wanted to speak, but couldn't. He removed the dishes and departed. Presently he returned with another porcelain tower. Steak—good, Cauliflower—what? No potatoes!—oh! come now, that is too much. You infernally stupid—never mind? Send the landlord here at once."

Again the waiter looked at me as if about to speak. He hesitated. And then he went for the proprietor. Harassed and worried as I had been all day, you may be sure that my accusation of the blundering waiter was not of the mildest. I probably represented him as something superior in the Lucifer line to that old gentleman himself. I know I declared he had made me miss an appointment, the missing of which would cost me thousands—a statement devoid of even a grain of truth. Finally I intimated that I would never enter the miserable den—meaning the restaurant—again, and I bounced out without paying a cent.

I had forgotten all about the matter when, as I was crossing Canal street two evenings afterwards, I observed a wretched looking creature shuffling along. It was my stupid waiter of the day before! But how changed. The beautiful white tie and spotless shirt front were gone; the neat swallow-tail was replaced by an old thread-bare overcoat; the trousers were fringed at the ends; the boots were broken, and the only good thing he had on was his hat. I stopped him, and inquired what had brought him into such a wretched condition. He looked up with a puzzled expression; then he recognized me, and, while the tears started to his eyes, he answered simply.

"You—did."

"Is the man crazy?" I thought, as I watched the twitching mouth and nervous movement of the hands.

"My good sir," I said, "how on the face of the earth could I have anything to do with your misfortunes, whatever they may be?"

"Ah, sir," he replied, "you don't know what employers are. You remember the mistakes I made in bringing you your lunch day before yesterday?"

"I do; and most inexcusable they were."

"Inexcusable," he repeated, with a ring of bitterness in his tone. "Inexcusable! Ay—everything is inexcusable in the poor. Well, now, sir, let me tell you a short story, and then you can say whether I am 'inexcusable' or not. Six months ago I held a position of trust in a large firm, and was well paid. My eyesight began gradually to fail me, until I became unable to do the fine work necessary. That was inexcusable of course, and so I had to leave at a week's notice. The chronic illness of my wife had prevented me from saving any money, and so I was destitute. At length I obtained the waitership in the restaurant where you found me. I was badly paid and hard-worked, but I was satisfied, because it gave me bread for myself and my wife. But she had been growing worse of late, suffering even more than usual, and I knew she wouldn't last long. And the day you came in sir"—here his voice faltered a little—"the day you came in, I had left her almost at her last—suffering terrible agony—and I feared that when I got home she would be dead. So my thoughts were with my poor girl at home—my poor little girl that's gone now—when I took your order. Yes, sir, when I got home at last I found her lying still. I thought she was asleep, but when I pressed her lips I knew they were the lips of the dead." And the ex-waiter gave a sob—just one—that seemed to tear his very heart.

I walked home with him in silence—he had been going around all day trying to raise enough to save his Mary from a pauper's grave—and as we went, I thought how very little consideration we have for others, and especially for those who serve us. I thought how many bright young lives had been ruined by the thoughtless petulance of a mistress to her maids, of a merchant to his clerks. And, as I thought, I seemed to hear the voice of one of old, who said: "Love ye one another."

We arrived at the waiter's poor lodging, in the purlieus of Five Points. A still form, covered with a sheet, lay upon the bed. The waiter went upon tiptoe, as though he feared to wake her. He gently drew down the sheet and exposed the marble face, wreathed in hair of golden brown. She must have been supremely beautiful in life. The waiter beckoned me over.

"My little girl" he whispered, and then he sank upon his knees, laid his cheek beside that of his dead love, closed his eyes, and said no more.

I crept from the room and left them together.

I did what I could for the poor fellow, but his heart was broken. I saw that his wife was properly buried, and for this he was grateful. But nothing could rouse him. And when, a week later, I read in the morning paper that his body had been fished out of the river, I was hardly surprised, but I was deeply pained. The sad circumstances made an impression that will never fade from my mind, and they have taught me a lesson that has ever since been with me—the lesson that—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."

Texas Siftings.

Poor Fellow and Bad Fellow.

The kinship of pity to love is shown among other ways in this, that it idealizes its object. Sympathy with one in suffering supresses for the time being remembrance of his transgressions. The feeling which vents itself in "poor fellow!" on seeing one in agony, excludes the thought of "bad fellow," which might at another time arise. Naturally, then, if the wretched are unknown or but vaguely known, all the demerits they may have are ignored; and thus it happens that when, as just now, the miseries of the poor are depicted, they are thought of as the miseries of the deserving poor, instead of being thought of, as in large measure they should be, as the miseries of the undeserving poor. Those whose hardships are set forth in pamphlets and proclaimed in sermons and speeches which echo throughout society are assumed to be all worthy souls grievously wronged, and none of them are thought of as bearing the penalties of their own misdeeds. On hailing a cab in a London Street, it is surprising how generally the door is officiously opened by one who expects to get some thing for his trouble. The surprise lessens after counting the many loungers about tavern doors, or after observing the quickness with which a street performance, or procession, draws from neighboring slums and stable yards groups of idlers. Seeing how numerous they are in every small area, it becomes manifest that tens of thousands of such swarm through London. "They have no work," you say. Say rather that they either refuse work or quickly turn themselves out of it. They are simply good-for-nothings, who in one way or other live on the good-for-something-vagrants and sots, criminals and those on the way to crime, youths who are burdens on hard-worked parents, men who appropriate the wages of their wives, fellows who share the gains of prostitutes, and then, less visible and less numerous, there is a corresponding class of women. Is it natural that happiness should be the lot of such? or is it natural that they should bring unhappiness on themselves and those connected with them? Is it not manifest that there must exist in our midst an immense amount of misery which is a normal result of misconduct, and ought not to be dissociated from it? There is a notion, always more or less prevalent, and just now vociferously expressed, that all social suffering is removable, and that it is the duty of somebody or other to remove it. Both these beliefs are false. To separate pain from illdoing is to fight against the constitution of things, and will be followed by far more pain. Saving men from the natural penalties of dissolute living eventually necessitates the infliction of artificial penalities in solitary cells, on tread-wheels and by the lash. I suppose a dictum, on which the current creed and the creed of science are as one, may be considered to have as high an authority as can be found Well, the command "If any would not work neither should he eat" is simply a Christian enunciation of that universal law of nature which life has reached its present height—the law that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die—the sole difference being that the law which in the one case is to be artificially enforced is, in the other case, a natural necessity. And yet this particular tenet of their religion which science so manifesty justifies is the one which Christians seem least inclined to accept. The current assumption is that there should be no suffering, and that society is to blame for that which exists.—*Herbert Spencer, in the Contemporary Review.*

Lincoln in the Hospital.

In a recent conversation with a Union soldier, a correspondent heard a fresh story about the late President Lincoln. As near as possible our friend tells it in the soldier's words. He says:

"I had been in the Finley Hospital several months," said the soldier. "One day, in May, 1863. President Lincoln and Secretary Chase walked into the ward where I was lying. You don't know how much good it did to see them, one gets so tired looking at the nurse and at all the long row of cots. It is hard to lie on a cot day after day, and hear the boys moan, as their life ebbs away.

Some morning you wake up and see an empty cot near you. "No. 6 is gone?"

"Yes; he went at three this morning, poor fellow! but it's better for him," she answers, in a sympathizing voice.

We boys, therefore, took solid comfort in looking at Lincoln's face that afternoon, and in hearing him talk. He didn't say much to me that day, but it was good to hear him say anything, his words were so gentle and kind. And then he was as thoughtful as a mother. He knew just what to say.

I had been very sick. Yes, that sleeve's empty. I left the arm at Chattanooga. As I was saying, he only spoke a few words to me, and passed on to No. 26.

A Vermont boy, a mere lad, not over sixteen, was on it. He had been wounded mortally and was near his end. Mr. Lincoln stopped at the cot, and taking the thin, white hand, said in a tone that was as tender as a mother's:

"My poor boy, what can I do for you?" With a beseeching look, the little fellow turned his eyes up at the homely, kindly face, and asked, "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered the President, and calling for a pen, ink, and paper, he seated himself by the side of the cot. It was a long letter he wrote, at least three sheets of commercial note; and when it was finished, the President rose, saying:

"I will mail this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

In some way the boy had come to know that it was the President. And so looking at him in the most appealing sort of way, he asked:

"Won't you stay with me till it's all over?" It won't be long, and I do want to hold on to your hand?"

That was too much for the great hearted President to resist. The tears came to his eyes and he sat down by him and took hold of his hand. The little fellow did not move nor speak a word. This was some time before four o'clock, and it was long after six that the end came.

But the President sat there as if he had been the boy's father. When the end came, he bent over and folded the thin hands over his breast, and then looked so sorrowfully at the pale, thin face. The tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded. We all cried, too.

Do you wonder that the "the boys in blue" loved Abe Lincoln?

How to Discourage a Minister.

1. Hear him "now and then." Drop in a little late. Do not sing; do not find the text in your Bible. If you take a sleep during the sermon, so much the better.

2. Notice carefully any slip he makes while you are awake. Point out the dull portions to your children and friends; it will come round to him.

3. Censure his efforts at usefulness; deplore his want of common sense; let him know you won't help him because A. B. does; because you were not at first consulted.

4. Let him know the follies and sins of his hearers. Show him how much he overrates them, and tell him their adverse criticism upon himself.

5. Tell him when he calls what a stranger he is, how his predecessors used to drop in for an hour's chat, and how you liked them.

6. Never attend the prayer meeting; frequent no special service. Why should you be righteous over-much.

7. Give him no information when you are ill; of course he should know; and your offended dignity, when he comes to see you, will render his visit pleasant. On no account intimate recovery.

8. Require him to swell the pomp of every important occasion, unless, indeed, there are prudential reasons for passing him over.

9. If he is always in his own pulpit, clamor for strangers; if he has public duties and sometimes goes abroad, complain that he is never at home.

10. Keep down his income. Easy means is a sore temptation, fullness of bread is bad for everyone—but the laity.

11. As he will find it hard to be always at home to receive callers, and always running among the people, and always prepared for the pulpit or platform, you will be sure to have just cause for complaint one way or the other. Tell it to everybody, and then lament that there is general dissatisfaction with him.

Patient continuance in courses like these, modified according to circumstances, has been known, not only to discourage, but to ruin the usefulness and break the spirit of ministers, and send them off to other charges and sometimes to their graves. Those who desire to avoid such results should avoid the practice of such things as here referred to.

The Profits of Book-Writing.

Mr. Blaine will get for his book on his political experiences and recollections $75,000 cash down, and a royalty of fifteen cents a volume, say $120,000 on an edition of 300,000. Better say $100,000 on an edition of 150,000. That would be a bigger sale than any volume of personal recollections ever reached in this country. Comparatively speaking, this is not a larger profit than several American writers of less prominence have received for comparatively unimportant books. The late Albert D. Richardson sold over 100,000 copies of a $3 book giving an account of his twenty months' imprisonment in Southern prisons, netting him $30,000 in a few months. Mark Twain has made an ample fortune out of books which require very little labor, some little humor, and no long experience. John T. Raymond paid him as a royalty a very large sum in the aggregate for a play which he does not claim to have written. Joaquin Miller made enough out of his plays and books to keep Wall street happy for quite a time. Tourgee's novels have been so profitable that he has been able to squander something like $150,000 in starting a weekly magazine. Oh, no; if Mr. Blaine gets no more out of his book than $100,000 he ought not to feel that he has been underpaid.—*New York Graphic.*

Morsels of Contemplation.

The man who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews to the wrists.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest, manly principle will daily accumulate.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

Sincerity is an openness of heart; 'tis found in a very few people, and that which we see commonly is not it, but a subtle dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

Thinkers are as scarce as gold; but he whose thought embraces all his subjects, who pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.

Men who are perpetually engaged in accumulating wealth without even allowing themselves to enjoy it, are like hungry folks who are always cooking without ever sitting down to dine.

To look back to antiquity is one thing, to go back to it another. If we look back to it, it should be as those who are running a race, only to press forward the faster, and to leave the beaten still further behind.

A man who is able to employ him-innocently is never miserable. It is the idle who are wretched. If I wanted to inflict the greatest punishment on a fellow creature, I would shut him up alone in a dark room without employment.

Never reason from what you do not know. If you do, you will soon believe what is utterly against reason.

Second Annual Pic-nic.

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

PAS-A-PAS CLUB,

OF CHICAGO,

SATURDAY, JULY 5th, 1884.

At Woodlawn, in the South Park.

Admission, 25 Cents.

A chartered train will leave the Illinois Central R. R. Depot, foot of Lake Street, at 9 A.M. sharp. Railroad rates to Chicago and return will be cheap on account of our great Fourth of July and the National Democratic Convention, which meets in Chicago, July 8th.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, and Rev. Mr. Mann, of Cleveland, are expected to attend the Picnic as well as to conduct religious services at St. James Church the next day.

Several of the principals and superintendents of various institutions will probably be with us *en route* to the Fifth Conference of Principals and Superintendents, to be held at Faribault, Minn., July 9th.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

GEO. T. DOUGHERTY,
C. C. CODMAN, E. D. KINGON,
MATT MULLEN, C. H. ANGLE.

☞ For further information, address the Chairman, Geo. T. Dougherty, Chemical Office, Chicago S. & R. Co., or the Secretary, Matt Mullen, 3932 Lake Avenue, Chicago.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, *a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.*

BALTIMORE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

The Baltimore Deaf-Mute Association holds its meeting in rooms at the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company Establishment, third floor, (entrance on Forrest St.,) corner Gay and Forrest Sts. Regular meetings on every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., for business only. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited to come in at any time of the day. The officers of the association are: President, Jas. H. Mooney; Vice-President, Wm. McElroy; Secretary, John A. Branflick; Corresponding Secretary, Chas. J. Peregoy; Treasurer, Harry J. Gill; Sergeant-at-Arms, Robert E. Underwood. The Secretary's address is 158 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md., where all communications relating to the association should be addressed.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle's Building, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: William G. Pownall, President; Henry Stengele, First Vice President; Charles E. Green, Second Vice President; Thomas Godfrey, Secretary; Henry L. Juhring, Treasurer; Jacob Swartz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 31 Meeker Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Secretary, Martin Aronsohn. Divine services, first and second Sundays at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Martin Aronsohn, No. 3 Monroe St., San Francisco, California.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue.

CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Farwell Hall Building, 148 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Thursdays of each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock, P.M., and also holds Sabbath meetings at the same place on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at three o'clock P.M. Lars M. Larson's P.O. address is Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Henry Bardes, President, and Jesse K. T. Hoagland, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 71 Bremen Street, Covington, Ky.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Wm. H. Lipsett is President, and George Slifer Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION.

The Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes meets every Tuesday evening at 8 P.M., in the large Philopatrian Hall, which is situated in 12th St., below Walnut St., front second floor. Last Thursday in every month for business meetings only. Strangers in town are cordially invited. All communications relating to the said Society should be sent to the Secretary, Thomas Breen, No. 1505 Race St., Philadelphia. President, Mr. James E. Moroney, Pennsylvania Railroad Car Shops, 30th and Market Sts., West Philadelphia.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings in room 8, third floor, Bryant & Stratton's Business College building, corner 5th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with dailies and illustrated weeklies at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancement of St. Louis gentlemen and ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice-President, William Stafford; Treasurer, William Campbell; Secretary, Hugh P. Lamb; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Campbell. Secretary's address, 112 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interest all friend of humanity and christianity in their behalf. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, President; James P. Burbank, Secretary, and John T. Tillinghast, Treasurer, Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 615 East 11th Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named after Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in America, meets every other year in different parts of New England. The next gathering will be held in 1884, time and place to be determined by the Board, consisting of John T. Tillinghast, President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary; State Managers, John W. Page, for Maine; Varnum B. Wright, New Hampshire; George A. Holmes, Massachusetts; Frank C. Tasker, Rhode Island; and William H. Weeks, Connecticut. Any further information can be obtained by addressing the President, John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass., or the Secretary, John F. Donnelly, Woonsocket, R. I.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is a an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenpon, for holding services, excepting the last Sabbath of each month, when it holds a service in Beverly for the convenience of those who can not go to Salem. It also holds a Bible class at its rooms every Sunday eve, under the leadership of its Pastor, and also Friday evening for a prayer and conference meeting. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, W. Bailey, and S. F. Southwick, Board of Directors; L. A. Smith, W. K. Bigelow, and W. C. Packard, Trustees.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St, every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No 58 Pride St, Pittsburgh, Pa.



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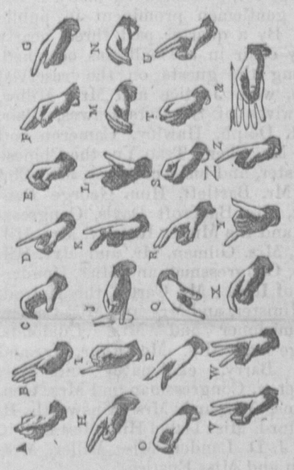
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